NO. 3 WINTER

Land of the Lost COMICS

M-DIS

BRINGING YOU MANY OF YOUR OLD FRIENDS FROM THE MUTUAL COAST-TO COAST-RADIO PROGRAM "LAND OF THE LOST!"

OLIVE BAILEY

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Stories and scripts by
ISABEL MANNING HEWSON
Illustrated by
OLIVE BAILEY

Here's A Message from

Isabel Manning Hewson —the originator and author of "The Land of the Lost" Radio Program!

Dear Boys and Girls (or Pollywogs and Tadpoles, as I call my radio listeners):

Since it's impossible to write a personal letter to each one of you, this is my way of saying "thank you" for the wonderful reception you have given the first and second issues of LAND OF THE LOST Comics.

The publishers have brought out this magazine because thousands of you asked for it, and we are happy to know how much you like it!

With oceans of best wishes to you all,

Isabel Manning Hewson

IN THIS ISSUE:

BRRRRR! There's a big freeze a-coming! And Isabel and Billy have to get all the apples off the trees before the frost sets in. That's why Red Lantern takes them down under the sea to meet that very frigid fellow, JACK FROST

All the fish-folk are fleeing for their lives, for there's a mammoth sea-monster in their midst! But Isabel and Billy follow Red Lantern right to the monster's lair, in THE ARMORY OF LOST WEAPONS

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THE Land of the Lost
DO YOU KNOW HOW THOSE ODD FROSTY PATTERNS GET ON YOUR WINDOW PANE WHEN YOU WAKE UP ON A WINTER MORNING? YOU DON'T?
ISABEL AND BILLY DIDN'T KNOW, EITHER. BUT ONE DAY, RED LANTERN, (THE WISE TALKING FISH) CALLED FOR THEM, AS USUAL. THEY TOOK THEIR MAGIC SEAWEED (SO THEY COULD BREATHE UNDER WATER) AND FOLLOWED HIM DOWN TO THE LAND OF THE LOST, WHERE THEY SOON LEARNED A LOT OF FRIGID FACTS FROM
"JACK FROST!"

RED LANTERN HAS JUST COME TO CALL FOR ISABEL AND BILLY...
AHOY THERE, POLLYWOGS—WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? HOP IN!
WE CAN'T GO WITH YOU TODAY, RED LANTERN!
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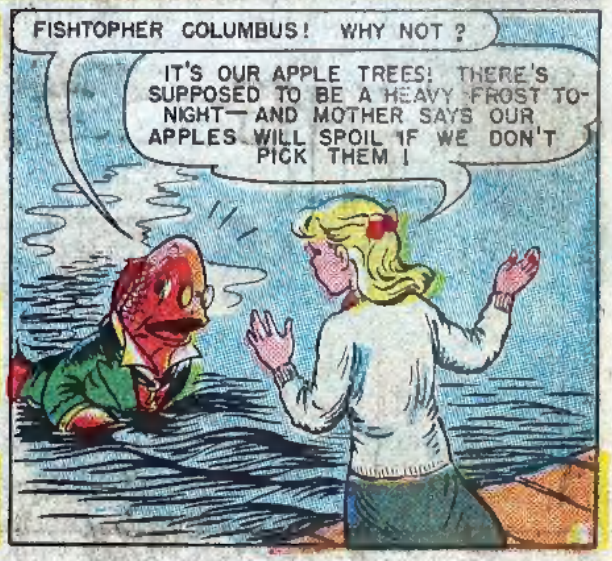
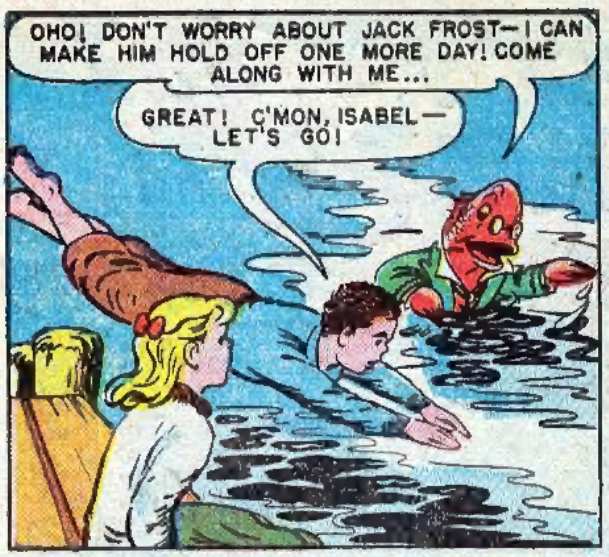
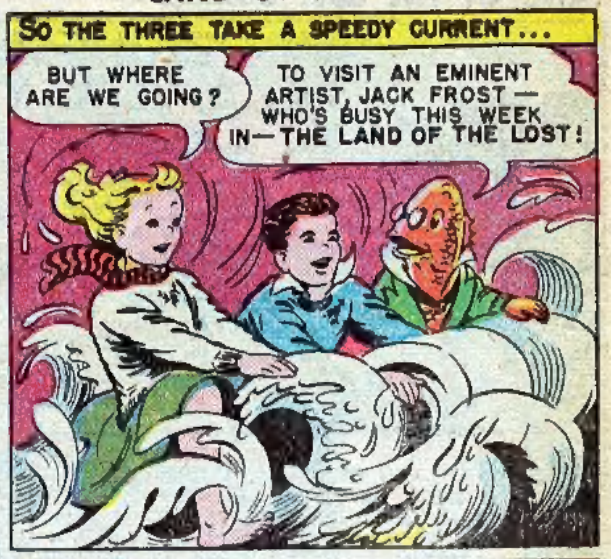
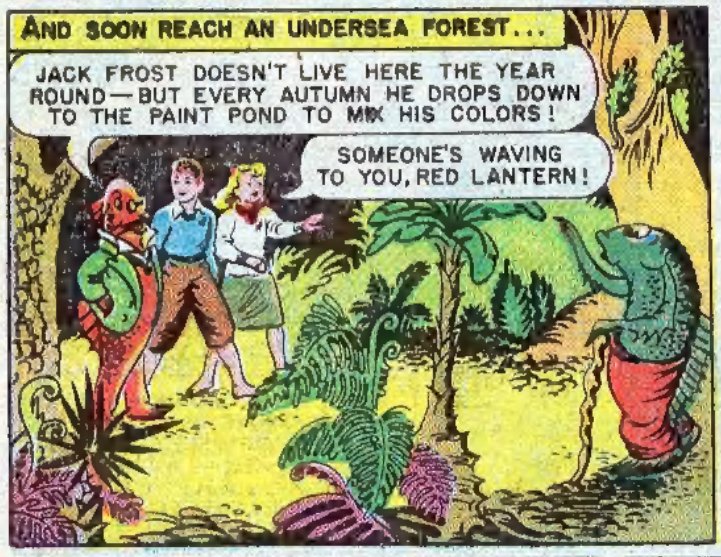
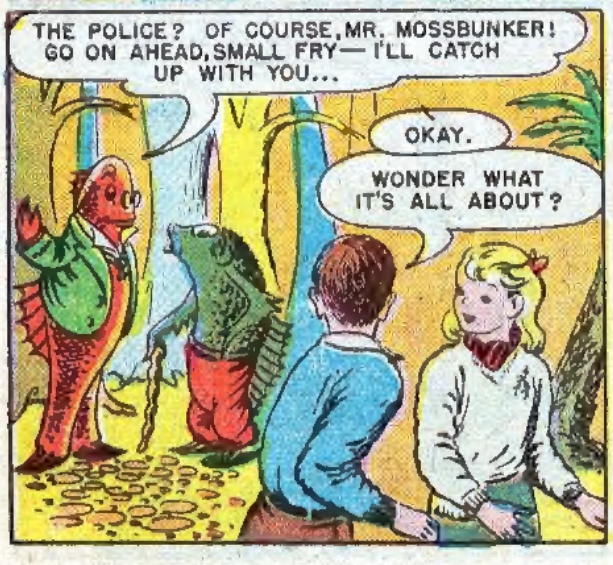

FISHTOPHER COLUMBUS! WHY NOT?
IT'S OUR APPLE TREES! THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A HEAVY FROST TONIGHT—AND MOTHER SAYS OUR APPLES WILL SPOIL IF WE DON'T PICK THEM!


OHO! DON'T WORRY ABOUT JACK FROST—I CAN MAKE HIM HOLD OFF ONE MORE DAY! COME ALONG WITH ME...
GREAT! C'MON, ISABEL—LET'S GO!


SO THE THREE TAKE A SPEEDY CURRENT...
BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING?
TO VISIT AN EMINENT ARTIST, JACK FROST—WHO'S BUSY THIS WEEK IN—THE LAND OF THE LOST!


AND SOON REACH AN UNDERSEA FOREST...
JACK FROST DOESN'T LIVE HERE THE YEAR ROUND—BUT EVERY AUTUMN HE DROPS DOWN TO THE PAINT POND TO MIX HIS COLORS!
SOMEONE'S WAVING TO YOU, RED LANTERN!

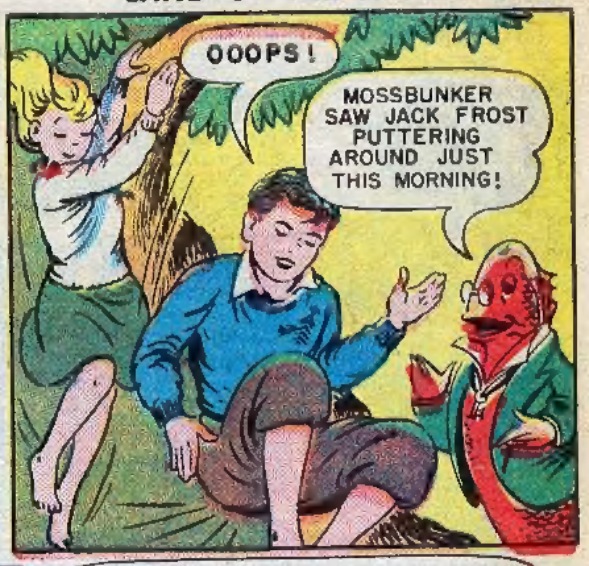
IT'S ONE OF THE MOSSBUNKERS! THEY GROW MOSS FOR THE PALACE UPHOLSTERY!
COULD I SPEAK TO YOU, RED LANTERN? THERE'S SOMETHING OUGHT TO BE REPORTED TO THE POLICE RIGHT AWAY!

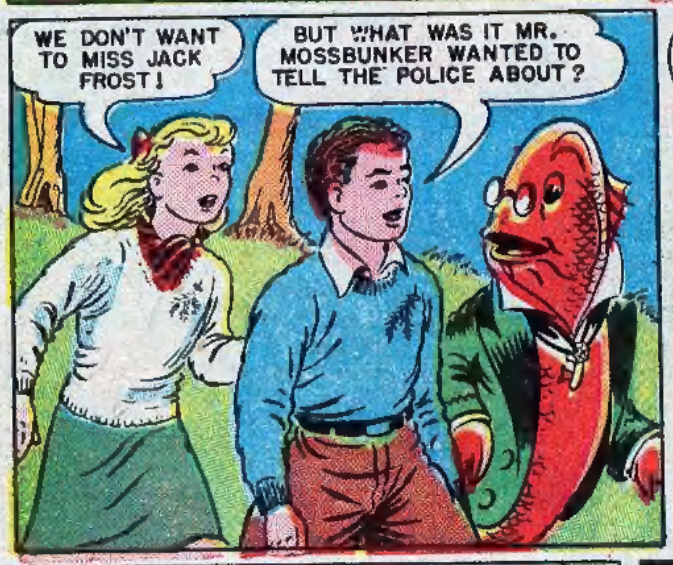

THE POLICE? OF COURSE, MR. MOSSBUNKER! GO ON AHEAD, SMALL FRY—I'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU...
OKAY.
WONDER WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT?

SAY! LOOK AT THAT FUNNY LITTLE MAN OVER THERE, ISABEL!
WHAT IN THE WORLD IS HE DOING?

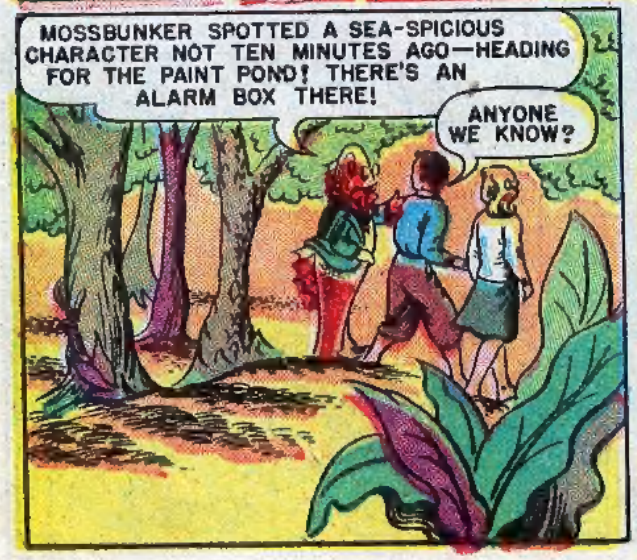
JEEPERS!
OCTOBER IS HERE, IT'S THE TIME OF THE YEAR WHEN AUTUMN LEAVES ARE TURNING; THE TREES ALL ARE YEARNING FOR COLORS BRIGHT AND BURNING!
EACH FALL EVERY TREE GIVES HER ORDER TO ME. I COME AND WRITE IT DOWN AND SOON SHE GETS A GOWN OF SCARLET, GOLD, OR BROWN!
COME, CHOOSE THEM NOW... I'VE SAMPLES HERE, AND HOW! THE FINEST GRADE IN EVERY SHADE, SO CHOOSE YOUR COLORS NOW!
WHY, HE'S TALKING TO THE TREES!
COME, COME BESSIE BIRCH, WHAT'LL IT BE? YELLOW'S NICE ON YOU! NO, SORRY— YOU CAN'T HAVE THE CRIMSON!
RUSTLE! RUSTLE!
GOLLY—THE TREE IS ANSWERING HIM!
WELL, ANNIE OAKLEY—YOU'RE NOT AS YOUNG AS YOU WERE! RUSSET'S VERY SLENDERIZING FOR THE—ER—LARGER FIGURE. I'LL HAVE IT FOR YOU NEXT WEEK! GOOD DAY!
HE'S GONE! IF THAT WASN'T THE QUEEREST THING!
OH BOY! HERE'S THE SEA—APPLE ORCHARD! LET'S GET SOME APPLES!
BILLY QUICKLY SCRAMBLES UP A TREE...
ALLEZ OOP!
WELL, WELL, LOOK WHO'S UP A TREE!

WE WERE JUST TRYING THE APPLES, RED LANTERN!
WHY NOT? ONE GOOD PAIR OF PIPPINS DESERVES ANOTHER! BUT SCRAMBLE DOWN— WE MIGHT CATCH OUR MAN OVER AT THE PAINT POND!

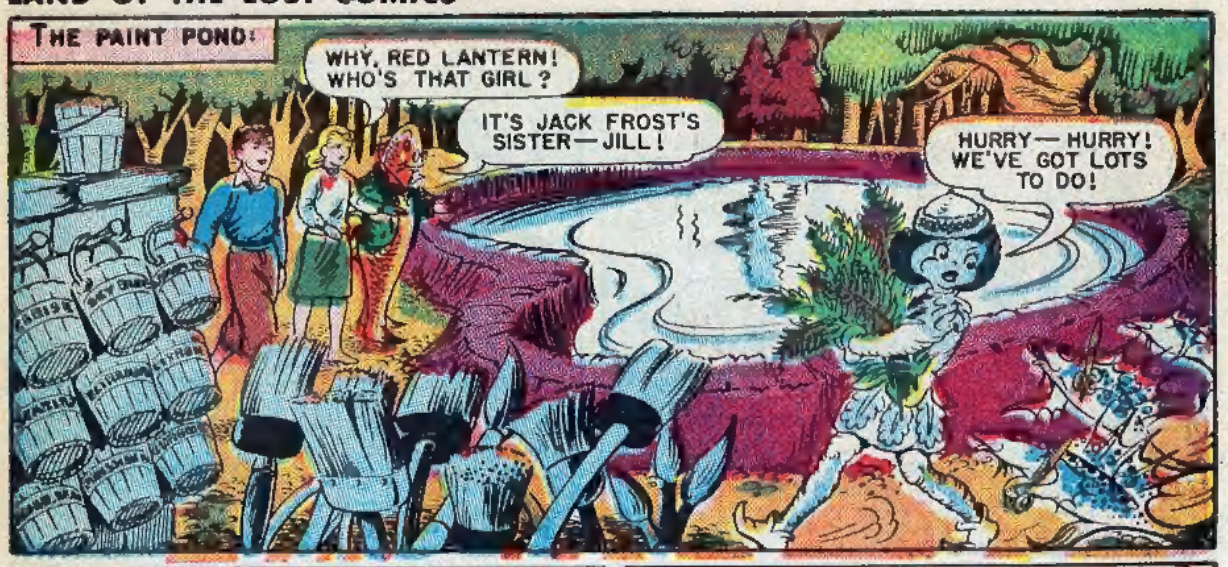

OOOPS!
MOSSBUNKER SAW JACK FROST PUTTERING AROUND JUST THIS MORNING!


WE DON'T WANT TO MISS JACK FROST!
BUT WHAT WAS IT MR. MOSSBUNKER WANTED TO TELL THE POLICE ABOUT?

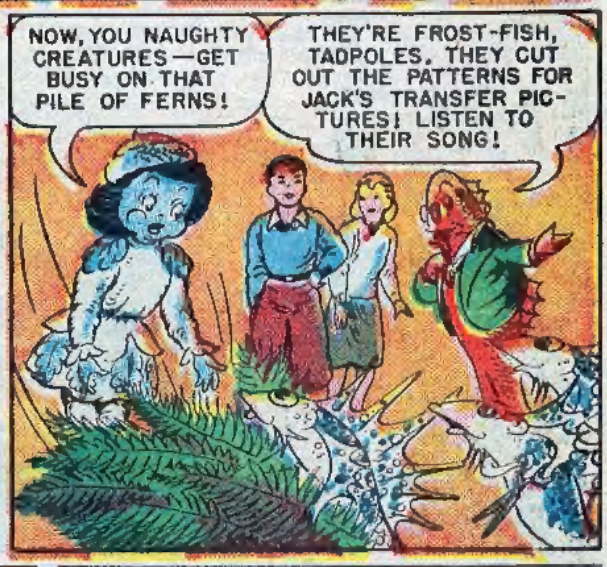
WELL, SOME IRRESPONSIBLE PERSONS HAVE BEEN TURNING IN FALSE ALARMS LATELY, AND J. EDGAR BULLFISH IS WILD!


MOSSBUNKER SPOTTED A SEA-SPICIOUS CHARACTER NOT TEN MINUTES AGO—HEADING FOR THE PAINT POND! THERE'S AN ALARM BOX THERE!
ANYONE WE KNOW?

YES! SOMEONE WHO'S BEEN IN TROUBLE BEFORE—YOUNG SQUIDLET—KID SQUID'S BROTHER! BUT HERE WE ARE AT THE PAINT POND!

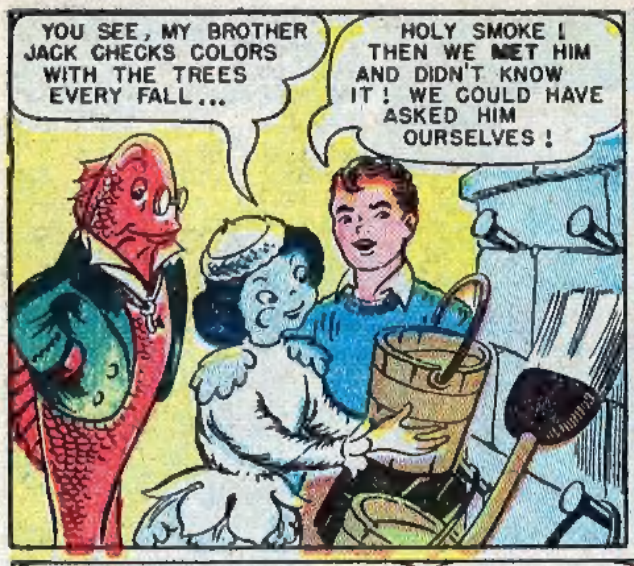

THE PAINT POND:
WHY, RED LANTERN! WHO'S THAT GIRL?
IT'S JACK FROST'S SISTER—JILL!
HURRY—HURRY! WE'VE GOT LOTS TO DO!

HULLO, THERE, JILL! MEET OUR EARTH VISITORS—ISABEL AND BILLY!
HOW DO YOU DO, JILL?
FREEZED TO MEET YOU!


NOW, YOU NAUGHTY CREATURES—GET BUSY ON THAT PILE OF FERNS!
THEY'RE FROST-FISH, TADPOLES. THEY CUT OUT THE PATTERNS FOR JACK'S TRANSFER PICTURES! LISTEN TO THEIR SONG!

WE CUT OUT FERNS WITH SCISSORS FINE TO MAKE A WINDOW-PANE DESIGN! JACK FROST WORKS WITH MIGHT AND MAIN TO PUT MAGIC SCENES ON YOUR WINDOW PANE!

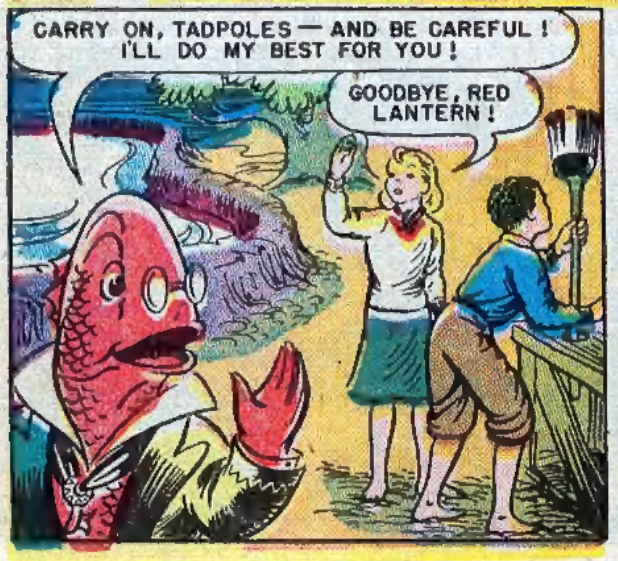
SO THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENS!
I THOUGHT EVERYBODY KNEW THAT! BUT DO EXCUSE ME WHILE I START MIXING COLORS IN THE PAINT POND!

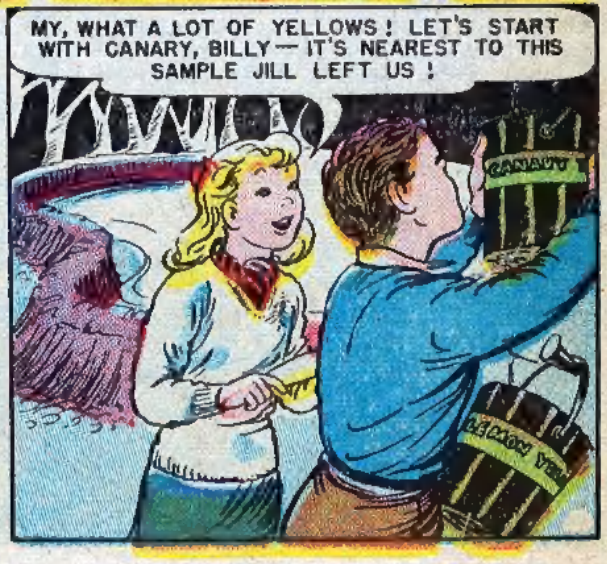

YOU SEE, MY BROTHER JACK CHECKS COLORS WITH THE TREES EVERY FALL...
HOLY SMOKE! THEN WE MET HIM AND DIDN'T KNOW IT! WE COULD HAVE ASKED HIM OURSELVES!

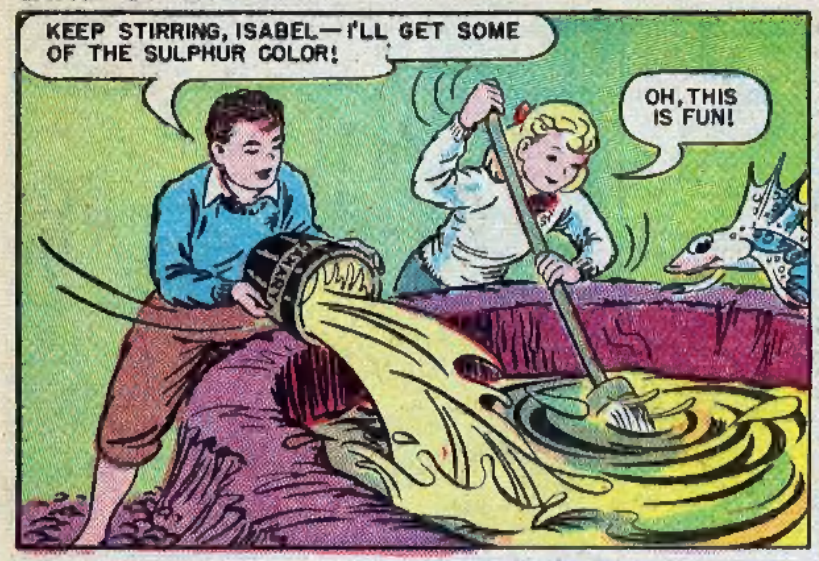
ASKED HIM WHAT? PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU...
NO, JILL! THESE POLLYWOGS WANT AN EXTENSION OF ONE MORE DAY ON THEIR APPLE TREES AT HOME— SO THEY CAN PICK THEM TOMORROW!

OH DEAR—JACK'S ON HIS WAY BACK TO EARTH! I MIGHT HEAD HIM OFF, BUT I'VE GOT TO MIX THE COLORS...
WE'LL DO IT FOR YOU, JILL! YOU GO AHEAD...

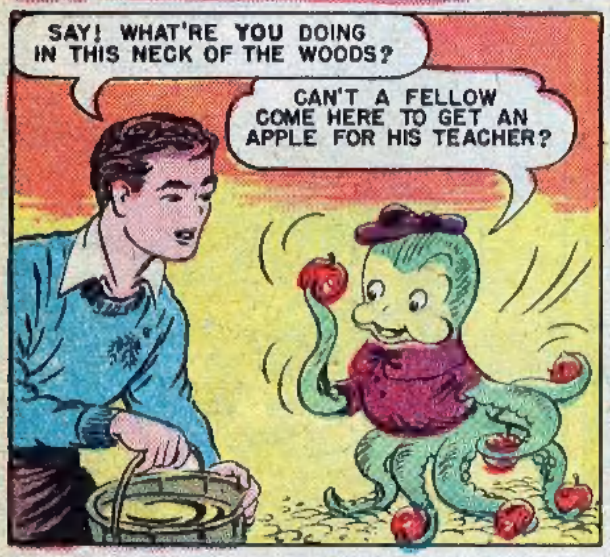
YOU'D BETTER COME WITH ME, RED LANTERN! I COULD NEVER PERSUADE JACK MYSELF!
WE'D BETTER GET BUSY, ISABEL!


CARRY ON, TADPOLES—AND BE CAREFUL! I'LL DO MY BEST FOR YOU!
GOODBYE, RED LANTERN!


MY, WHAT A LOT OF YELLOWS! LET'S START WITH CANARY, BILLY—IT'S NEAREST TO THIS SAMPLE JILL LEFT US!
CANARY

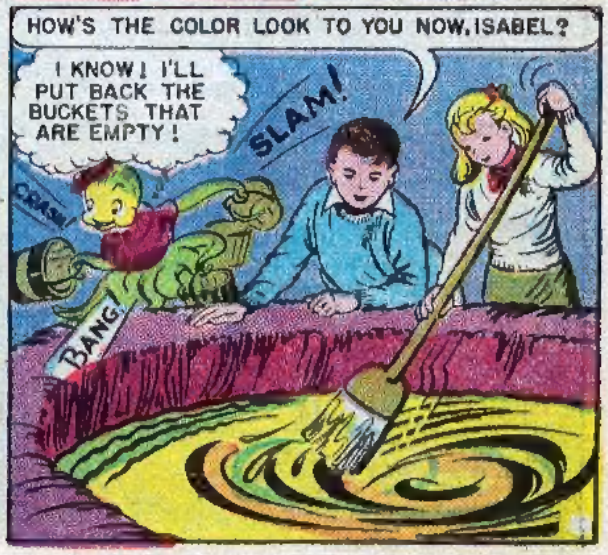

KEEP STIRRING, ISABEL—I'LL GET SOME OF THE SULPHUR COLOR!
OH, THIS IS FUN!

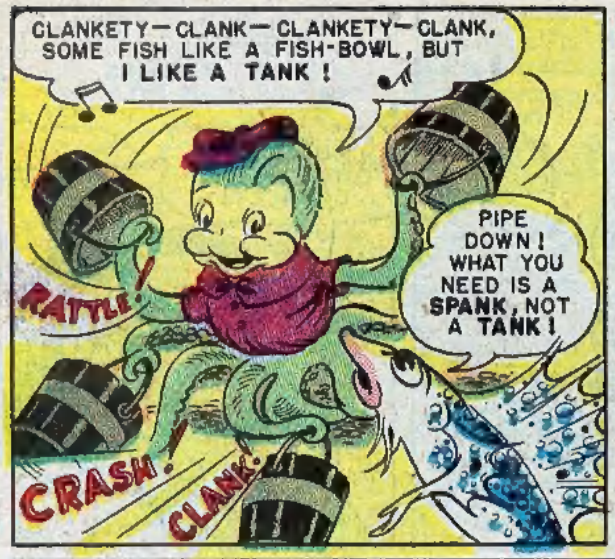
KI YI, KI YI, KI-YIPPITY YI, I JUST MET A SHARK AND SPIT IN HIS EYE!
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED— IT'S SQUIDLET!

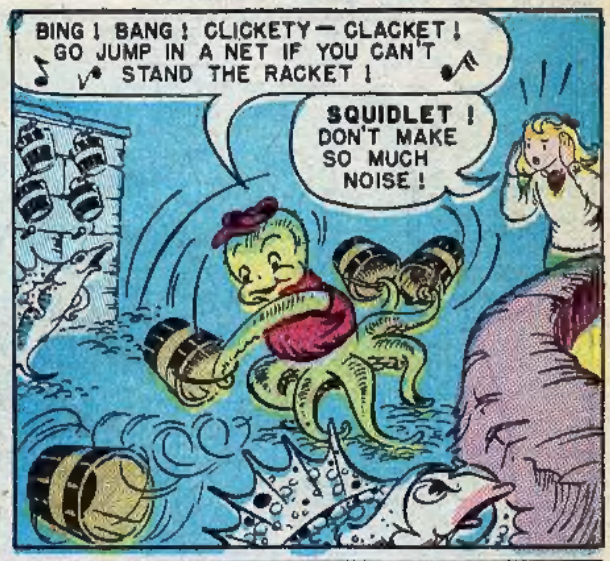

SAY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING IN THIS NECK OF THE WOODS?
CAN'T A FELLOW COME HERE TO GET AN APPLE FOR HIS TEACHER?

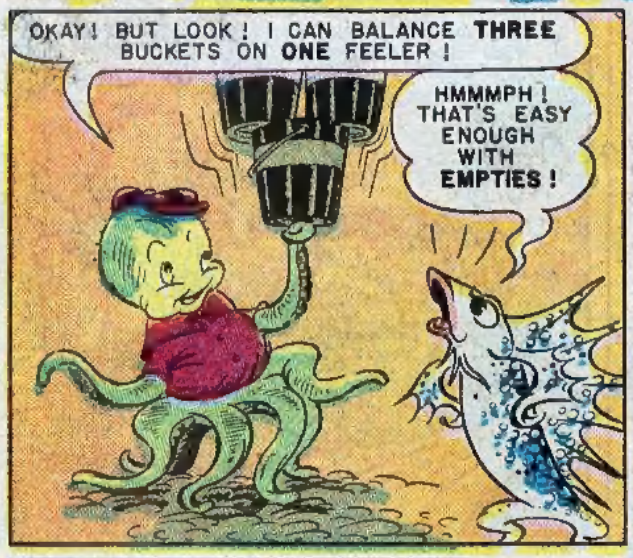
YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, SQUIDLET! THEY THINK YOU SENT IN THOSE FALSE ALARMS!
CROSS MY FEELERS, I DIDN'T DO IT! I WAS IN SCHOOL WHEN THEY WENT OFF YESTERDAY!

OKAY, IF YOU SAY SO! BUT ISABEL AND I HAVE TO MIX A WHOLE PONDFUL OF YELLOW FOR JILL FROST!
I'LL HELP YOU!

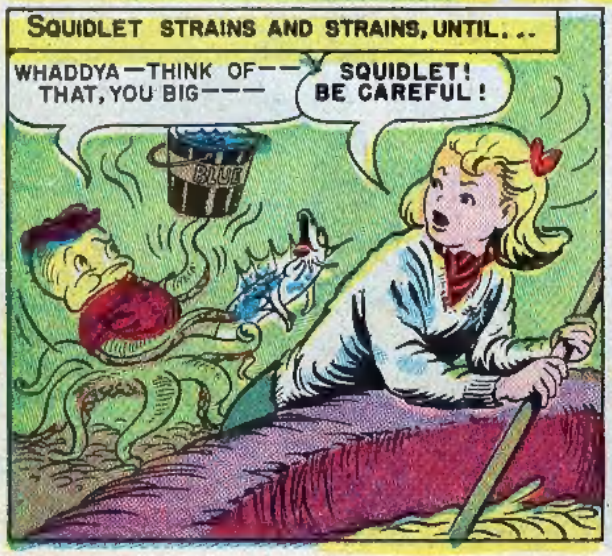

HOW'S THE COLOR LOOK TO YOU NOW, ISABEL?
I KNOW! I'LL PUT BACK THE BUCKETS THAT ARE EMPTY!
SLAM!
CRASH
BANG

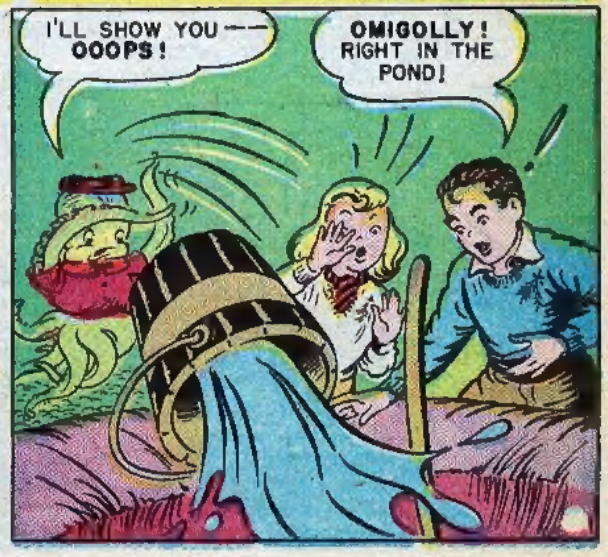

CLANKETY—CLANK—CLANKETY—CLANK, SOME FISH LIKE A FISH-BOWL, BUT I LIKE A TANK!
PIPE DOWN! WHAT YOU NEED IS A SPANK, NOT A TANK!
RATTLE!
CRASH!
CLANK!

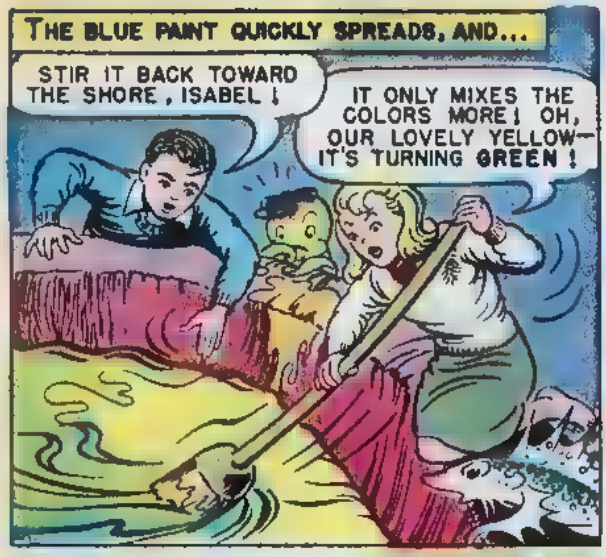

BING! BANG! CLICKETY—CLACKET! GO JUMP IN A NET IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE RACKET!
SQUIDLET! DON'T MAKE SO MUCH NOISE!

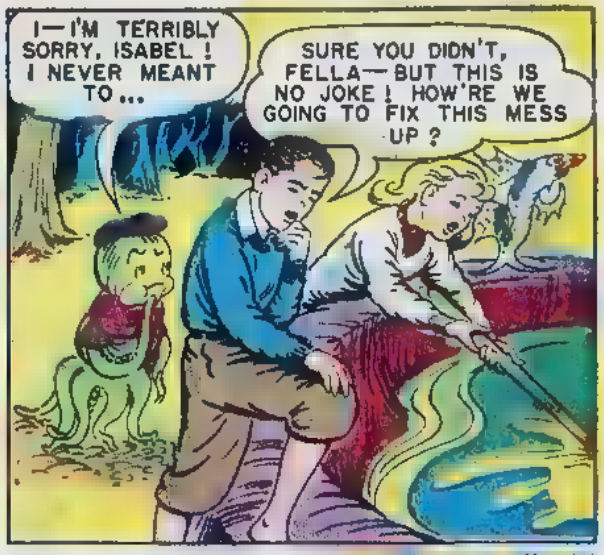

OKAY! BUT LOOK! I CAN BALANCE THREE BUCKETS ON ONE FEELER!
HMMMPH! THAT'S EASY ENOUGH WITH EMPTIES!

SO YOU THINK I CAN'T LIFT A FULL ONE, EH? WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU— OOOF!
?


SQUIDLET STRAINS AND STRAINS, UNTIL...
WHADDYA—THINK OF—THAT, YOU BIG—
SQUIDLET! BE CAREFUL!

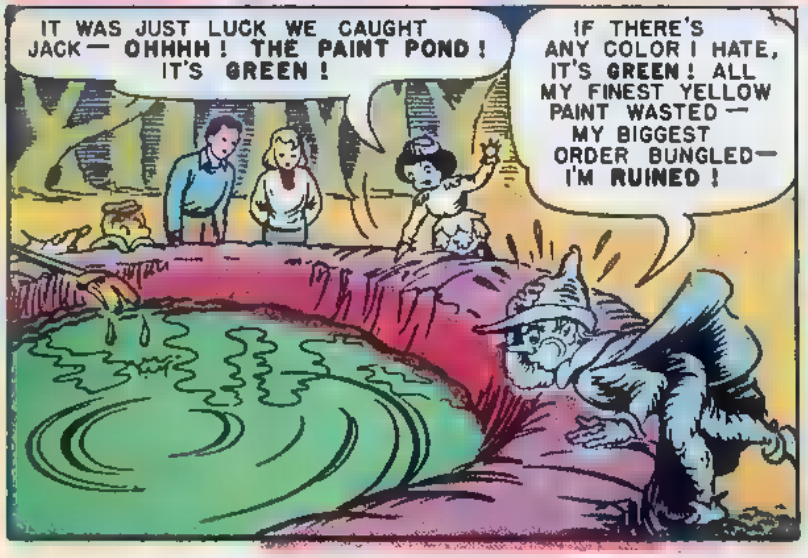

I'LL SHOW YOU— OOOPS!
OMIGOLLY! RIGHT IN THE POND!


THE BLUE PAINT QUICKLY SPREADS, AND...
STIR IT BACK TOWARD THE SHORE, ISABEL!
IT ONLY MIXES THE COLORS MORE! OH, OUR LOVELY YELLOW— IT'S TURNING GREEN!


I—I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, ISABEL! I NEVER MEANT TO...
SURE YOU DIDN'T, FELLA—BUT THIS IS NO JOKE! HOW'RE WE GOING TO FIX THIS MESS UP?

YOU'LL NEVER DO IT, BOY! HERE COMES JACK FROST NOW —

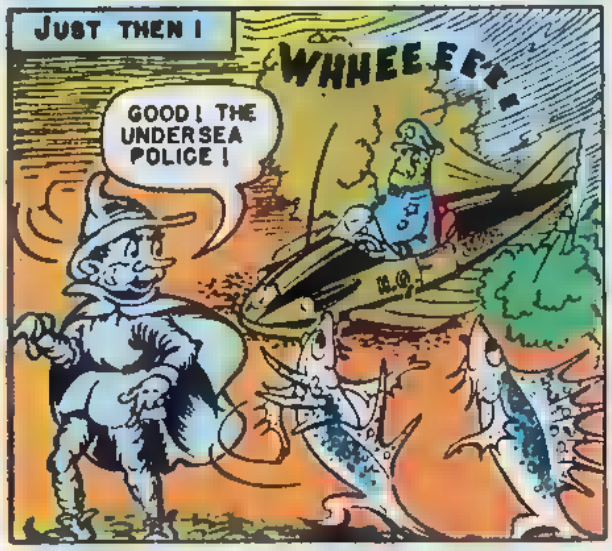
GOOD NEWS, TADPOLES! JACK'S GOING TO GIVE YOUR APPLE TREES ANOTHER DAY!
ALWAYS GLAD TO OBLIGE RED LANTERN!

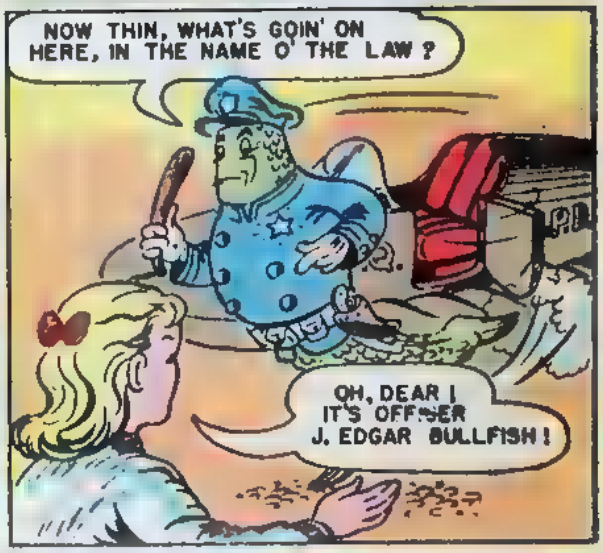

IT WAS JUST LUCK WE CAUGHT JACK— OHHHH! THE PAINT POND! IT'S GREEN!
IF THERE'S ANY COLOR I HATE, IT'S GREEN! ALL MY FINEST YELLOW PAINT WASTED — MY BIGGEST ORDER BUNGLED— I'M RUINED!

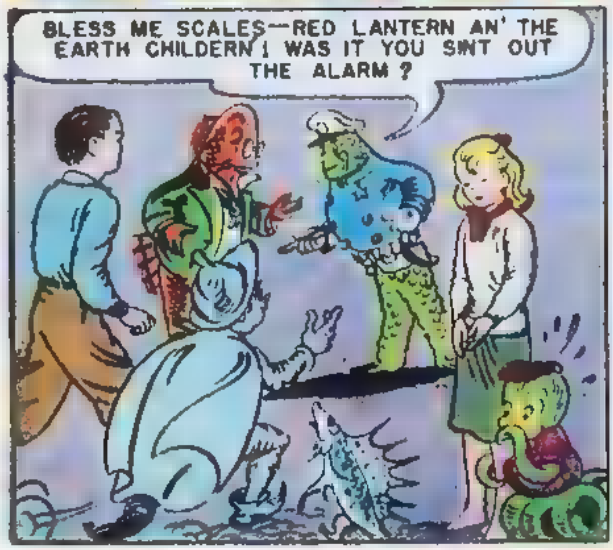
EASY NOW, JACK...
WHO DID THIS? I'LL FREEZE HIS EARS—I'LL PINCH HIS NOSE OFF! I'LL HAVE HIM ARRESTED— THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO!

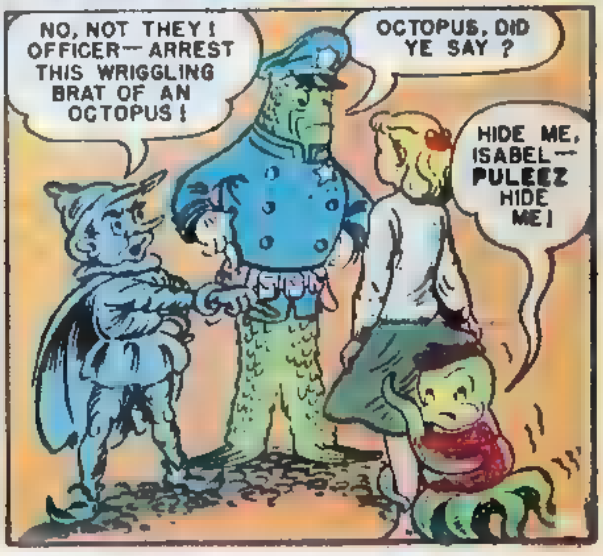
HE'S CALLING THE POLICE! OH, JACK—
CLANG!
CLANG!
CLANG!
I'LL SEE THIS DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN! THERE! BUT WHO'S TO BLAME FOR IT?

I—I DID IT, MR. FROST!
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, SIR!
ACCIDENT! IT'S A CATASTROPHE! AND I HAVEN'T ANY TIME TO REMEDY IT! I'M LATE NOW! DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY PIPES I HAVE TO FREEZE TONIGHT? WHY, I'M IN THE MIDST OF THE FALL RUSH!


JUST THEN!
WHHEEEEE
GOOD! THE UNDERSEA POLICE!

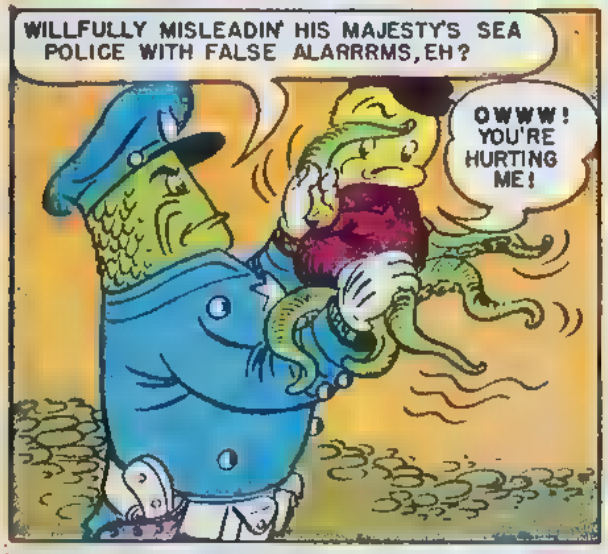

NOW THIN, WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE, IN THE NAME O' THE LAW?
OH, DEAR! IT'S OFFICER J. EDGAR BULLFISH!

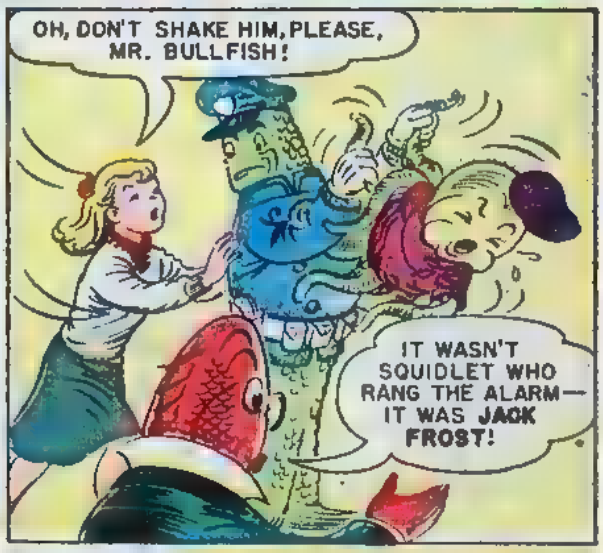

BLESS ME SCALES—RED LANTERN AN' THE EARTH CHILDERN! WAS IT YOU SINT OUT THE ALARM?

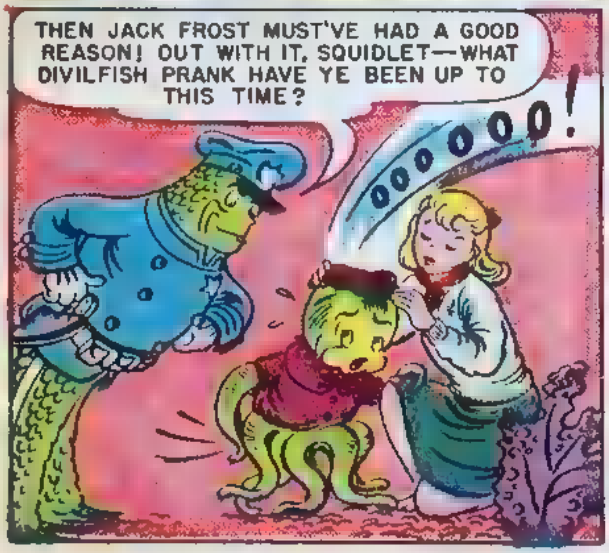

NO, NOT THEY! OFFICER—ARREST THIS WRIGGLING BRAT OF AN OCTOPUS!
OCTOPUS, DID YE SAY?
HIDE ME, ISABEL—PULEEZ HIDE ME!

WELL, IF IT'S NOT ME OLD FRIEND, MASTER SQUIDLET! JIST CAN'T HELP ACTIN' LIKE A DEAD END SQUID NOW, CAN YE?
IT WAS ONLY AN ACCIDENT, MR. BULLFISH!

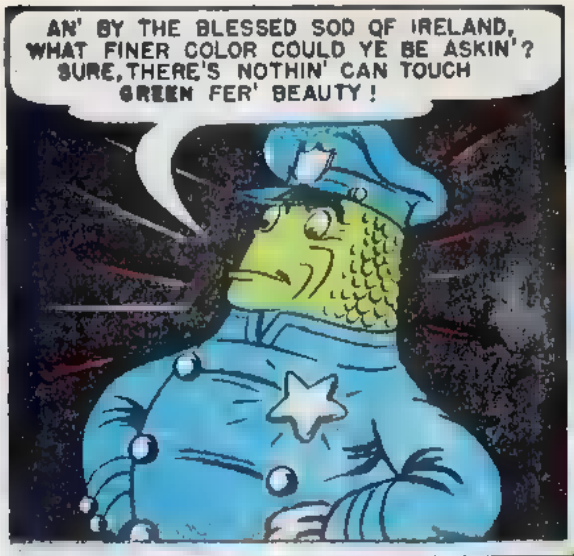
IF ME FIN SLIPS ON YOUR EAR, THAT'LL BE AN ACCIDENT TOO! AH, NOW I GOT YE!
HALP!


WILLFULLY MISLEADIN' HIS MAJESTY'S SEA POLICE WITH FALSE ALARRRMS, EH?
OWWW! YOU'RE HURTING ME!

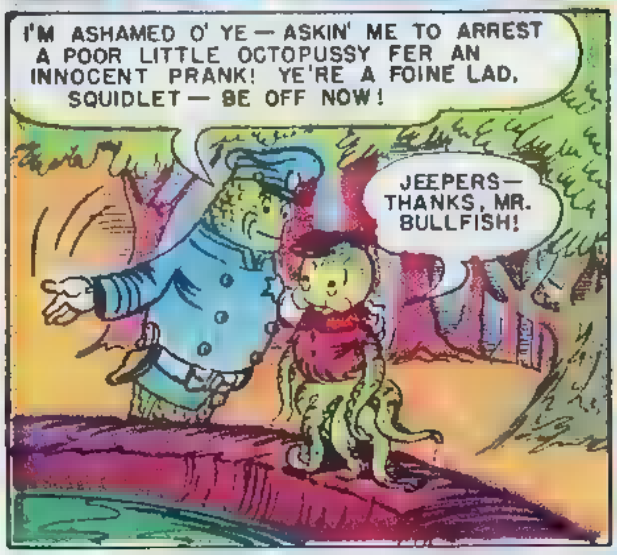

OH, DON'T SHAKE HIM, PLEASE, MR. BULLFISH!
IT WASN'T SQUIDLET WHO RANG THE ALARM— IT WAS JACK FROST!

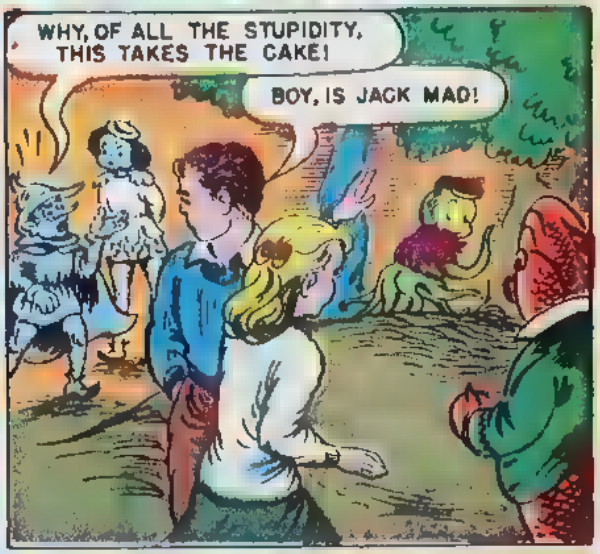

THEN JACK FROST MUST'VE HAD A GOOD REASON! OUT WITH IT, SQUIDLET—WHAT DIVILFISH PRANK HAVE YE BEEN UP TO THIS TIME?
OOOOOO!

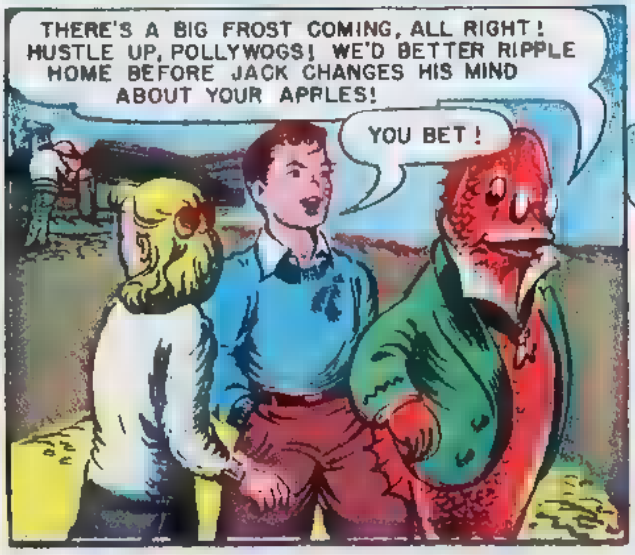
ALL I DID WAS KNOCK OVER SOME PAINT!
BLUE PAINT— AND LOOK WHAT IT DID TO MY POND! RUINED IT — IT'S TURNED GREEN!
GREEN! GREEN, DID YE SAY?


AN' BY THE BLESSED SOD OF IRELAND, WHAT FINER COLOR COULD YE BE ASKIN'? SURE, THERE'S NOTHIN' CAN TOUCH GREEN FER' BEAUTY!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, OFFICER! THIS PONDFUL OF YELLOW WAS MADE UP FOR THE POPLAR TREES...
LET 'EM WEAR GREEN! GREEN'S A POP'LAR COLOR IN ANY SEASON!


I'M ASHAMED O' YE — ASKIN' ME TO ARREST A POOR LITTLE OCTOPUSSY FER AN INNOCENT PRANK! YE'RE A FOINE LAD, SQUIDLET — BE OFF NOW!
JEEPERS — THANKS, MR. BULLFISH!

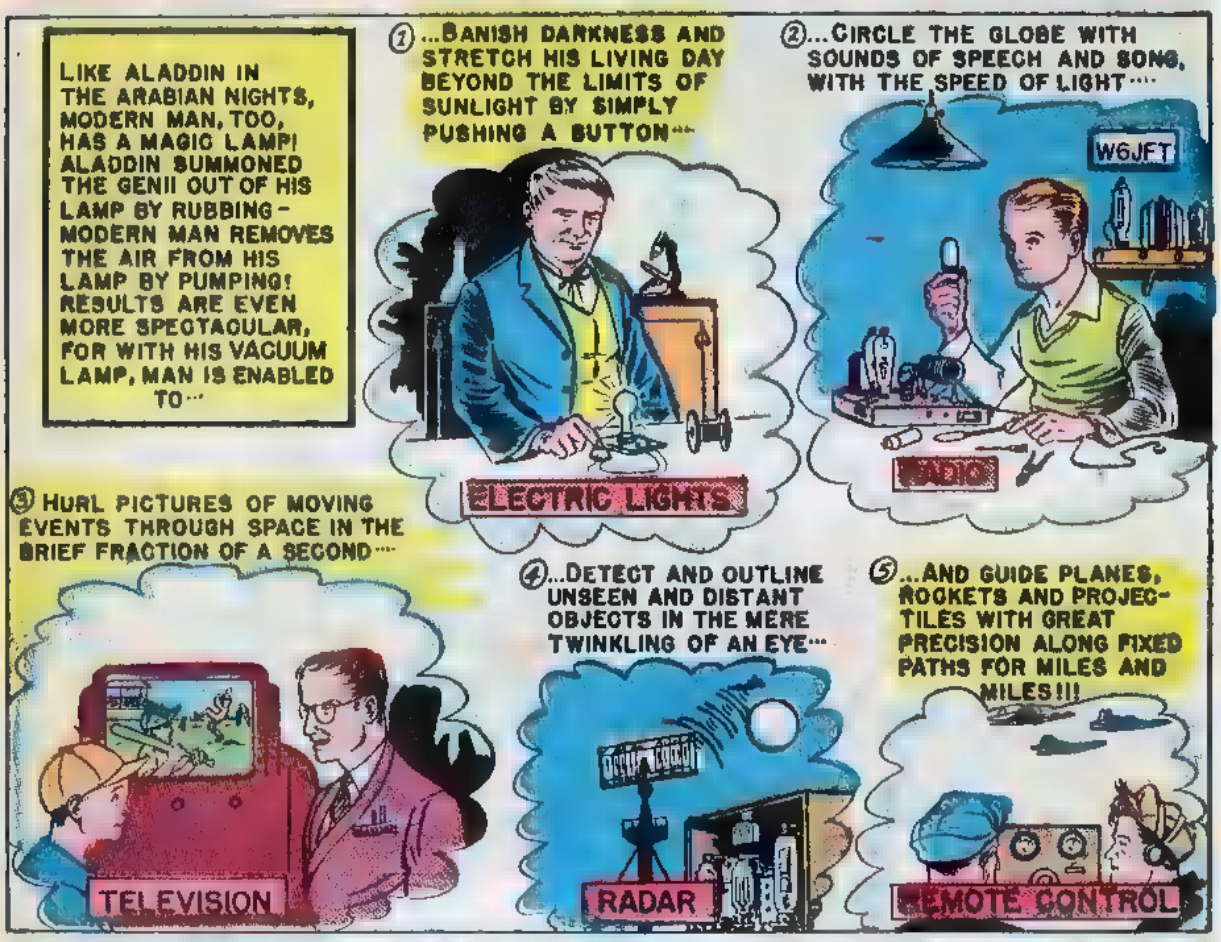

WHY, OF ALL THE STUPIDITY, THIS TAKES THE CAKE!
BOY, IS JACK MAD!

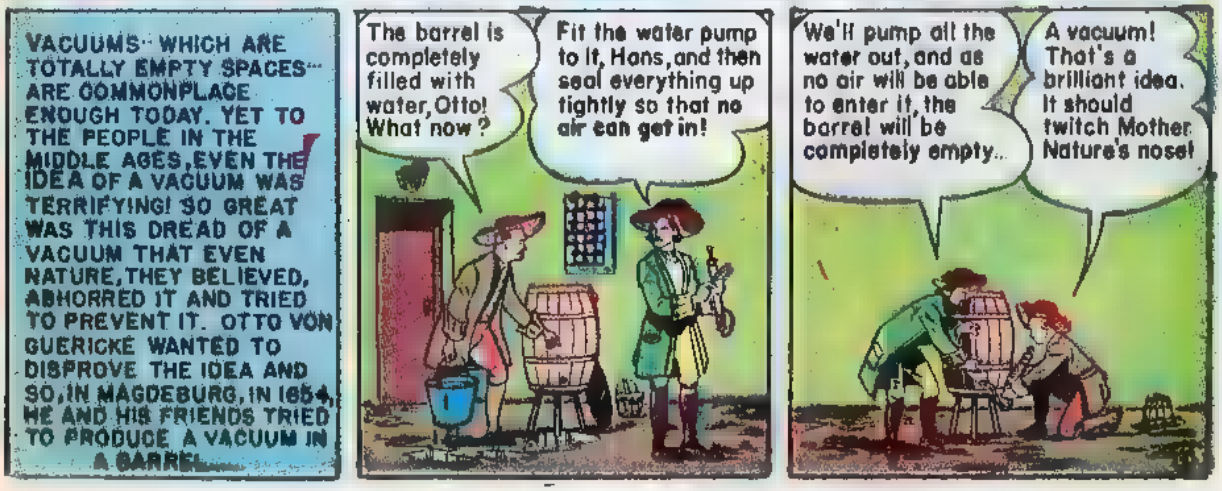

THERE'S A BIG FROST COMING, ALL RIGHT! HUSTLE UP, POLLYWOGS! WE'D BETTER RIPPLE HOME BEFORE JACK CHANGES HIS MIND ABOUT YOUR APPLES!
YOU BET!

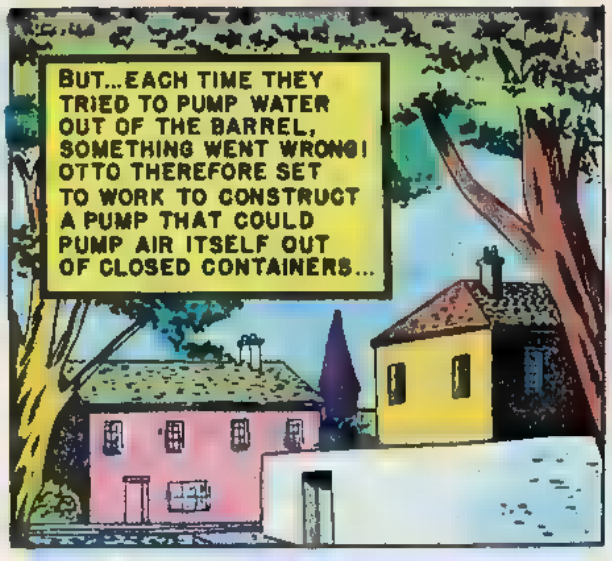
AND AS BILLY AND ISABEL LEAVE WITH RED LANTERN...
O, 'TWILL BE A FUNNY AUTUMN — THE QUEEREST EVER SEEN. THE POPLAR TREES DON'T KNOW IT, BUT — THEY'LL ALL BE WEARING GREEN! HA HA HA!

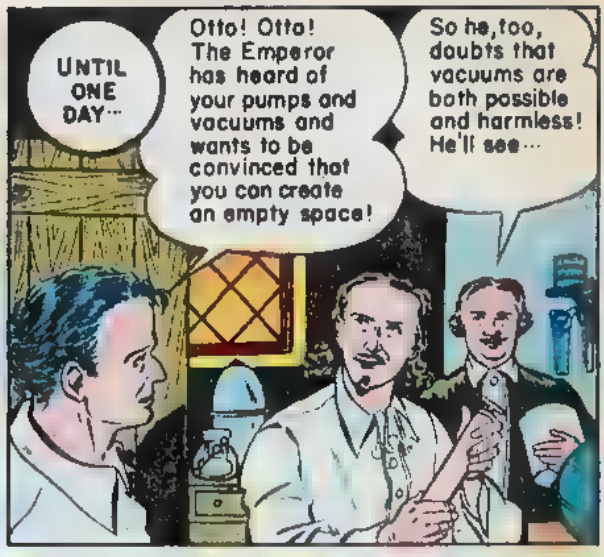
PUTTING EMPTY SPACE TO WORK

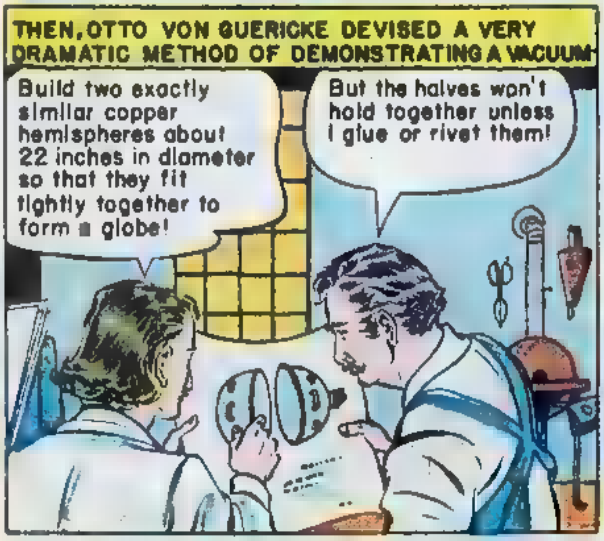
The story of the vacuum



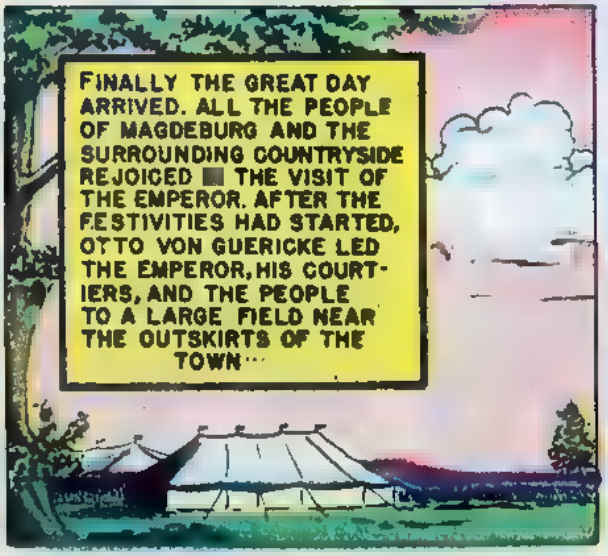



BUT...EACH TIME THEY TRIED TO PUMP WATER OUT OF THE BARREL, SOMETHING WENT WRONG! OTTO THEREFORE SET TO WORK TO CONSTRUCT A PUMP THAT COULD PUMP AIR ITSELF OUT OF CLOSED CONTAINERS...


UNTIL ONE DAY...
Otto! Otto! The Emperor has heard of your pumps and vacuums and wants to be convinced that you can create an empty space!
So he, too, doubts that vacuums are both possible and harmless! He'll see...


THEN, OTTO VON GUERICKE DEVISED A VERY DRAMATIC METHOD OF DEMONSTRATING A VACUUM
Build two exactly similar copper hemispheres about 22 inches in diameter so that they fit tightly together to form a globe!
But the halves won't hold together unless I glue or rivet them!

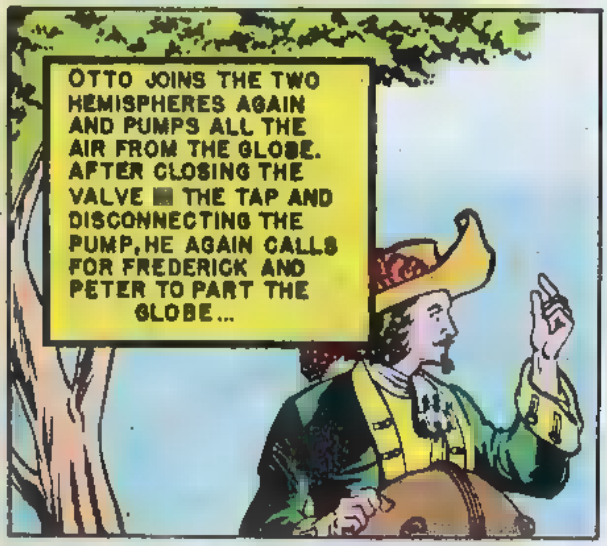
We'll let the air take care of that. Equip one of the halves with a valve that I can open and close!
Just as you say. They'll be ready in one week!


FINALLY THE GREAT DAY ARRIVED. ALL THE PEOPLE OF MAGDEBURG AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE REJOICED [redacted] THE VISIT OF THE EMPEROR. AFTER THE FESTIVITIES HAD STARTED, OTTO VON GUERICKE LED THE EMPEROR, HIS COURTIERS, AND THE PEOPLE TO A LARGE FIELD NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN...

Observe these two metal hemispheres, Your Majesty. I fit them together to form a sphere, thus.
But the vacuum, Otto! That's what we came to investigate!

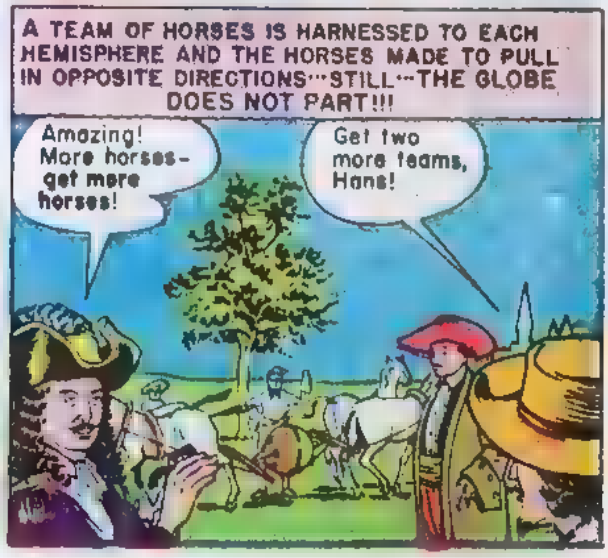
In time, Your Majesty! I beg Your Majesty's courtiers to try to pull the globe apart!
As you wish! Frederick! Peter! Pull apart—

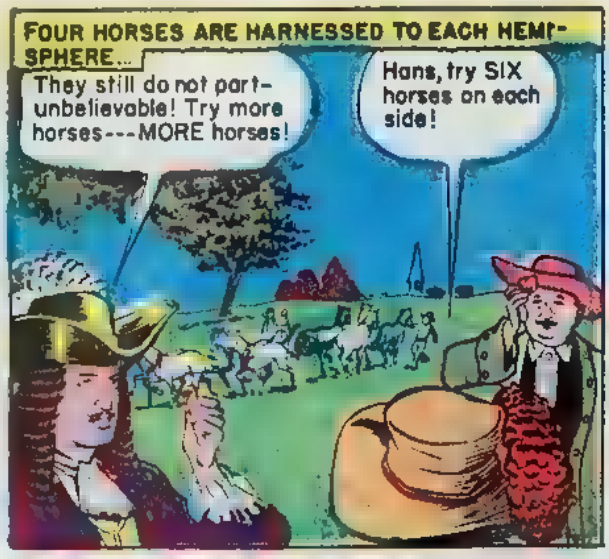
This is silly!
They part easily, of course!


OTTO JOINS THE TWO HEMISPHERES AGAIN AND PUMPS ALL THE AIR FROM THE GLOBE. AFTER CLOSING THE VALVE THE TAP AND DISCONNECTING THE PUMP, HE AGAIN CALLS FOR FREDERICK AND PETER TO PART THE GLOBE...

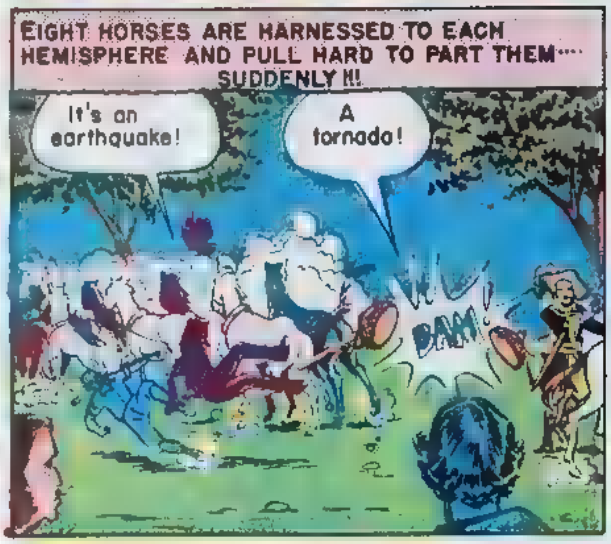
Pull HARD, Peter!
I AM! Why doesn't it come apart NOW?

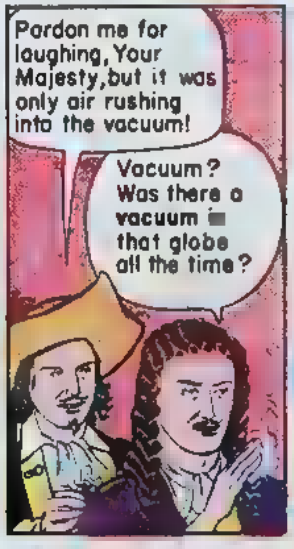
Have they suddenly lost their strength?
No, Your Majesty! Let's try horses now. Hans, bring two teams of horses!

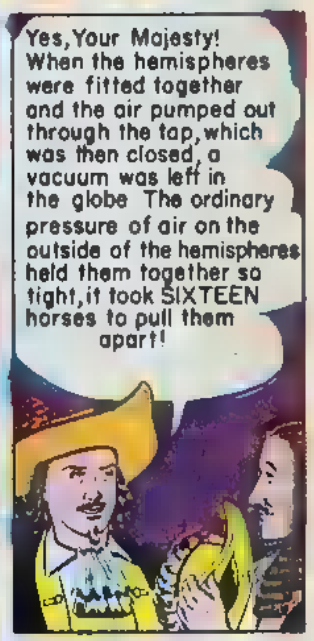

A TEAM OF HORSES IS HARNESSED TO EACH HEMISPHERE AND THE HORSES MADE TO PULL IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS···STILL···THE GLOBE DOES NOT PART!!!
Amazing! More horses—get more horses!
Get two more teams, Hans!

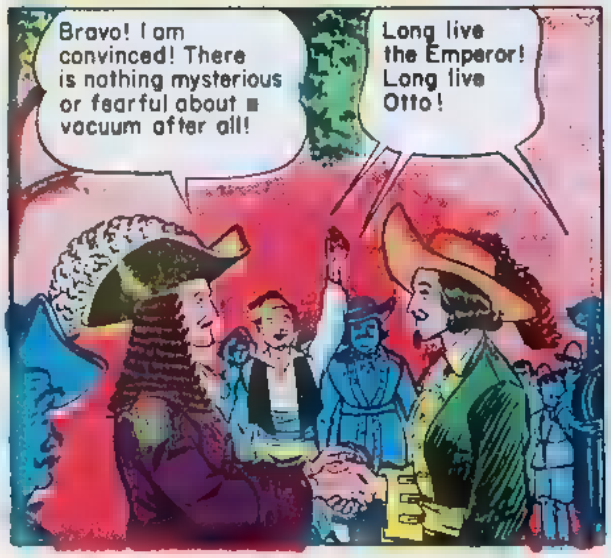

FOUR HORSES ARE HARNESSED TO EACH HEMISPHERE...
They still do not part-unbelievable! Try more horses---MORE horses!
Hans, try SIX horses on each side!

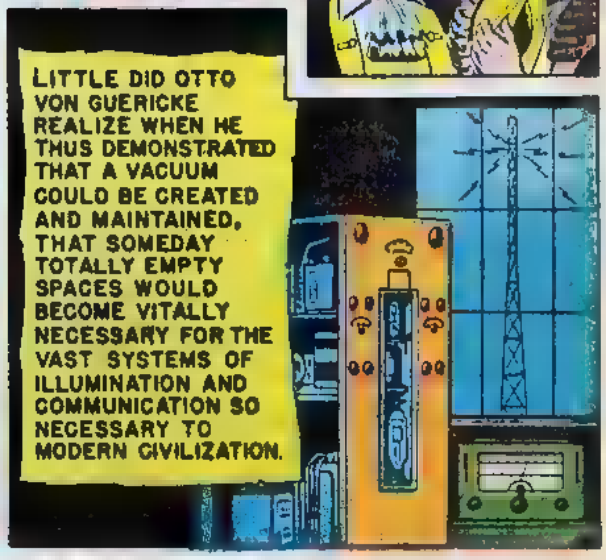
MORE HORSES ARE HARNESSED TO THE GLOBE....
Astounding! The globe cannot be parted and yet the halves are neither riveted together nor glued! More horses, I say---more horses!
Hans, try EIGHT horses on each side!


EIGHT HORSES ARE HARNESSED TO EACH HEMISPHERE AND PULL HARD TO PART THEM.... SUDDENLY!!
It's an earthquake!
A tornado!
BAM!


Pardon me for laughing, Your Majesty, but it was only air rushing into the vacuum!
Vacuum? Was there a vacuum in that globe all the time?


Yes, Your Majesty! When the hemispheres were fitted together and the air pumped out through the tap, which was then closed, a vacuum was left in the globe. The ordinary pressure of air on the outside of the hemispheres held them together so tight, it took SIXTEEN horses to pull them apart!


Bravo! I am convinced! There is nothing mysterious or fearful about a vacuum after all!
Long live the Emperor! Long live Otto!


LITTLE DID OTTO VON GUERICKE REALIZE WHEN HE THUS DEMONSTRATED THAT A VACUUM COULD BE CREATED AND MAINTAINED, THAT SOMEDAY TOTALLY EMPTY SPACES WOULD BECOME VITALLY NECESSARY FOR THE VAST SYSTEMS OF ILLUMINATION AND COMMUNICATION SO NECESSARY TO MODERN CIVILIZATION.

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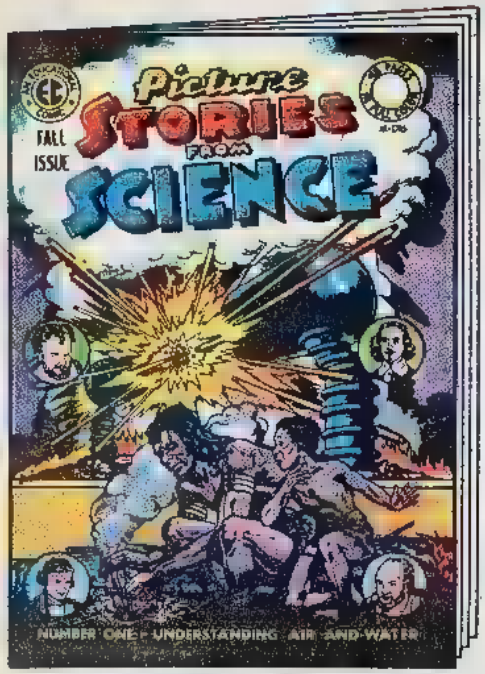

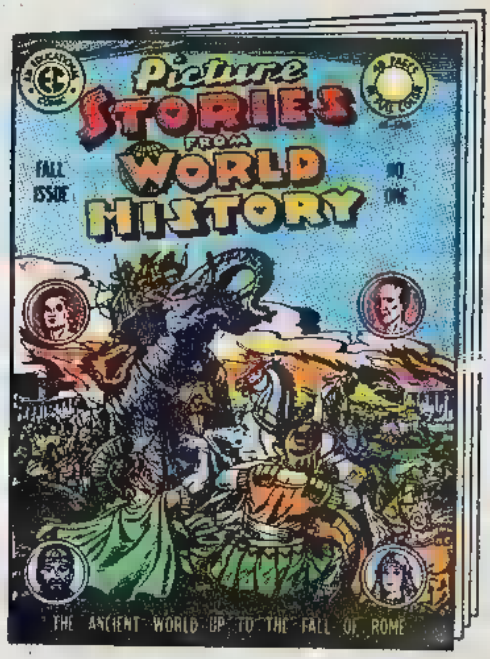

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The DISAPPEARING PEOPLE

by JACK BREWSTER

(PART ONE)

Bill Johnson had a queer smile on his lips. "Ever see a stone like that before?" he asked.

"Lots of times," answered Jimmy. "Pick 'em up every day. I was wondering why you've got them here on your lab table."

Bill Johnson, up and coming young scientist of the 25th century, picked up one of the stones and placed it on the glass slide of his microscope.

"Take a look," he told eight-year-old Jimmy.

"Does it STILL look like a stone?" There was a note of triumph in his voice.

Jimmy's jaw dropped in amazement. Instead of the small, smooth pebble he had held in his hand a minute ago, he saw a perfectly formed little plant! It was a rubber plant. Every leaf was perfect.

"Is it—REAL?" Jimmy gasped.

"Well, it's a plant, all right," Bill laughed. "It's so greatly reduced in size that you can't even distinguish its shape—it seems like a tiny pebble." He took it up in his hand again. "I've worked out a process of reducing plants to this form so that they can be easily transported from one part of the world to another—without fear of damage. Botanists have been wanting something like this for a long time—especially for their rare plants."

"But—isn't the plant DEAD?" queried the boy.

"It's quite alive," Bill replied. "It's simply in a state of suspended animation. I can bring it back to life by means of my 'Mystery Ray'."

Jimmy was still peering through the microscope when Nancy Johnson swished into the laboratory.

"I can't understand it!" she said excitedly, walking up and down. "I left the rubber plant—you know, the one Aunt Margaret gave me—on the telecaster in the Reading Room, and it's gone!"

"GONE?" echoed Bill and Jimmy, looking at each other in innocent dismay.

"Yes—vanished! YOU haven't seen it—either of you?"

They shook their heads.

"See if it's upstairs," Bill suggested. "I saw you take it up the other day."

"That was just to spray it. I brought it down again. But I'll look," Nancy said doubtfully.

She stepped into the elevator, and they heard it zoom up to the second floor of the house.

Jimmy stifled a giggle.

"I've got to restore this rubber plant before she gets down again," Bill said. "See these two sprays—" He indicated them to Jimmy. "One contains the Tissue Reducer, and the other the Tissue Expander. I want to bring the plant back to normal size, so I use the Tissue Expander."

Jimmy watched, fascinated, as Bill sprayed the "stone". He watched it grow until it clearly assumed the shape of a miniature plant. After a few minutes, it was its normal size once more. Bill put the spray down. The fragrance of the liquid was still in the air—like a faint perfume.

Jimmy rubbed his eyes.

"I still don't believe it," he murmured.

"It's normal size now," Bill said, "but, you

see, it still looks carved—unreal. The Mystery Ray will bring it back to life."

Bill quickly trained the Ray upon the plant. The leaves became soft and animate, the stem firm but flexible. The plant was ALIVE. Bill thrust it into a flower pot and, dashing into the Reading Room, placed it on the telecaster and raced back to the laboratory. Bill and Jimmy heard Nancy get out of the elevator and walk into the Reading Room. A second later they heard a piercing shriek. Bill dashed back to the Reading Room.

"What is it, Nancy?" he said, rushing up to her. She stood in front of the telecaster. She was white as a sheet.

"This house is haunted," she said weakly. "That plant was not there five minutes ago!"

Bill started to explain to Nancy what had really happened when he was interrupted by a news flash from the telecaster. Twelve more people had mysteriously disappeared, making a total of 27 in the past two weeks! Obviously it was not the work of kidnapers, the announcer said, because only a few of the victims were wealthy people. What made the case more baffling was that not a single body had been found. The victims had completely vanished from the face of the earth, or so it seemed.

Nancy shuddered. "I wish they'd catch him, whoever the murderer is. I'm sure I won't sleep until they do."

"Don't worry, sis! You got me and Billy to look after you!" said Jimmy. "Come on, Bill. Show her your experiment with the plant."

Bill was starting the experiment over for Nancy's benefit when the thing happened. Nancy was standing beside him.

"I demonstrated my Plant Reducer at the Academy a few weeks ago," he was saying. "The scientists thought it was great. Duchene, the growth specialist, particularly — he couldn't get over it!"

Suddenly a musical gong announced someone at the door. Jimmy went, and came back with the announcement that Duchene and a number of other men from the Academy had come to see Bill.

Left alone in the laboratory, Nancy looked curiously at the things on the table. She picked up a spray, and sprayed some of the contents into the air.

"Mmm. Smells like perfume," she murmured, and sprayed it on her neck and ears.

* * * * *

"Three weeks ago you demonstrated to us your technique for reducing plants to microscopic size," Duchene said pointedly to Bill. "Two weeks ago, these disappearances began. The Academy is forced to the belief that you are experimenting with your Plant Reducer on HUMAN BODIES!"

Bill saw it was useless to protest. These men were going to arrest him, no matter what he said in his own defense. As members of the Academy, they had the right to keep him in prison while they investigated further.

"Wait until I say goodbye to Nancy," Bill said morosely. Duchene nodded.

The men followed him into the laboratory. Once inside, Bill's eyes widened in amazement.

Nancy was not there!

"She couldn't have left!" Bill gasped. "There's only one door—we were standing on the other side of it!"

The scientists eyed him suspiciously. Duchene bent his brown, wrinkled face to the ground and picked up a small object. Bill staggered back at sight of it. The others stared in dumb horror. It was a beautiful little statue, about eight inches in height, of a young woman. It looked like white alabaster, although the eyes and lips had preserved their coloring.

"Nancy!" Bill cried hoarsely. "I shouldn't have left her in here alone!"

"I think this proves without question that Bill Johnson is the one responsible for these disappearances."

Duchene glanced at the others significantly.

The others nodded solemnly. Duchene took a handkerchief from his pocket, wrapped the statue of Nancy Johnson in it, and returned it to his pocket.

"No, no!" cried Bill. "Let me restore her!"

But Bill Johnson was dragged grimly out of the room to police headquarters.

—— :: ——

What will happen to Nancy?

Don't miss the amazing conclusion to this exciting story in the next issue of

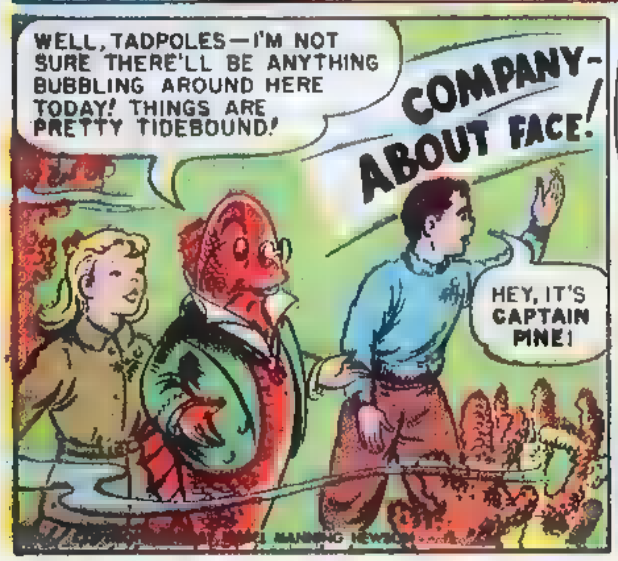
LAND OF THE LOST COMICS

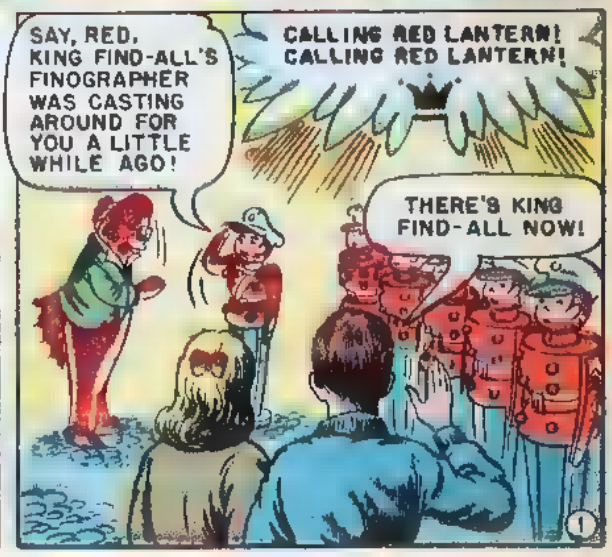
The Land of the Lost

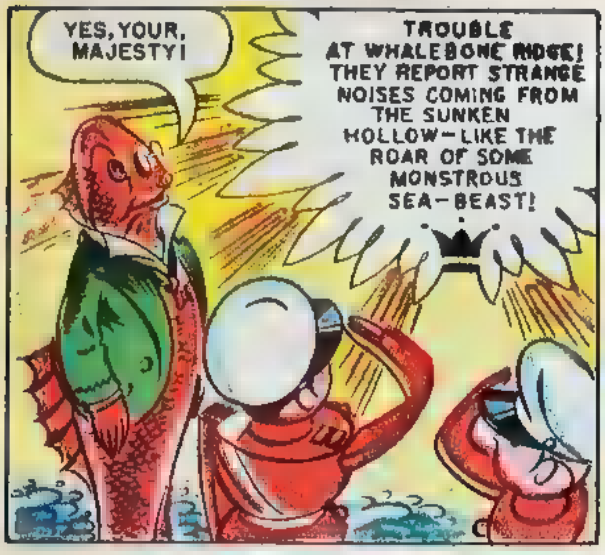
RED LANTERN, THE WISEST FISH ■ THE OCEAN, GAVE ISABEL AND BILLY MAGIC SEAWEED, SO THEY COULD BREATHE UNDER WATER, AND TRAVEL WITH HIM DOWN TO THAT MAGICAL KINGDOM— *THE LAND OF THE LOST,* WHERE ALL THINGS LOST ON EARTH FIND THEIR WAY.

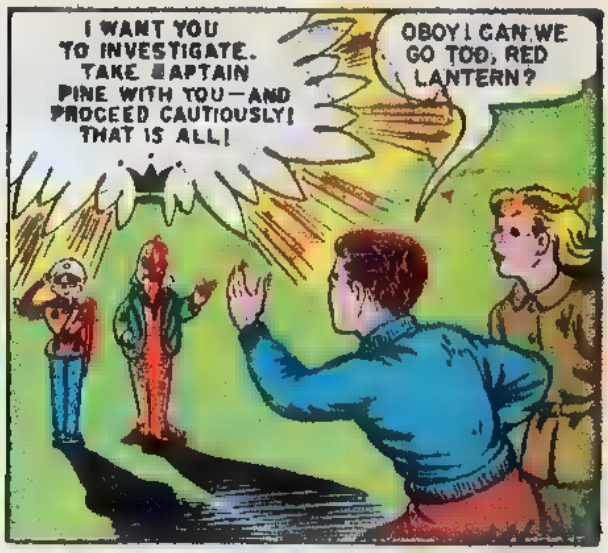
BUT THIS TIME, THEY FIND SOMETHING THEY NEVER THOUGHT EXISTED—A GIANT SEA-MAMMOTH, WHOSE UNUSUAL PROBLEM STARTS THEM SEARCHING FOR A MAGIC AXE IN

The Armory of Lost Weapons

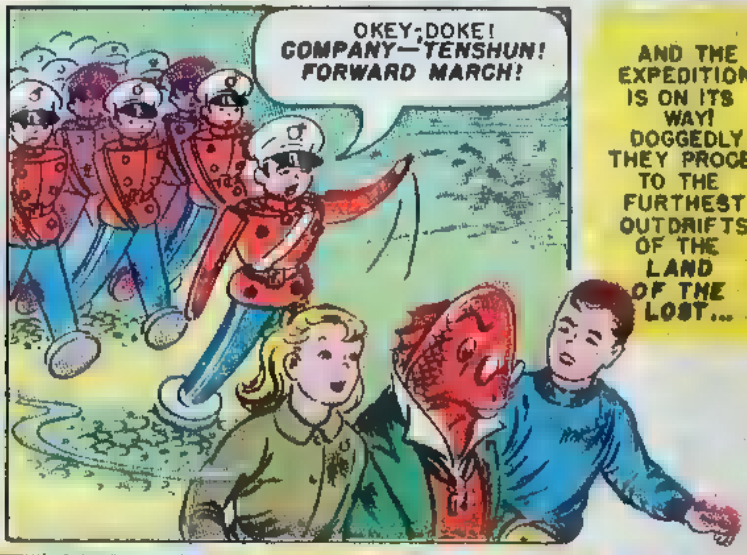


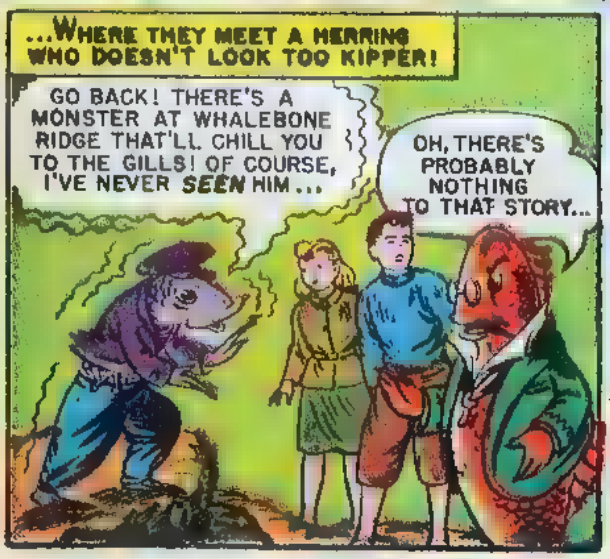


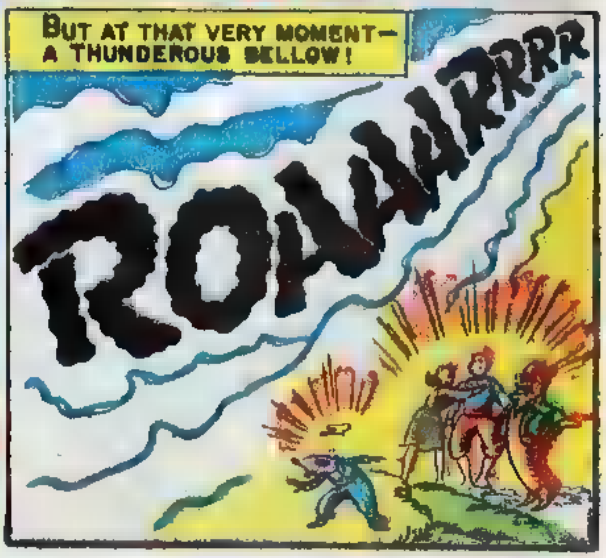

YES, YOUR, MAJESTY!
TROUBLE AT WHALEBONE RIDGE! THEY REPORT STRANGE NOISES COMING FROM THE SUNKEN HOLLOW—LIKE THE ROAR OF SOME MONSTROUS SEA-BEAST!

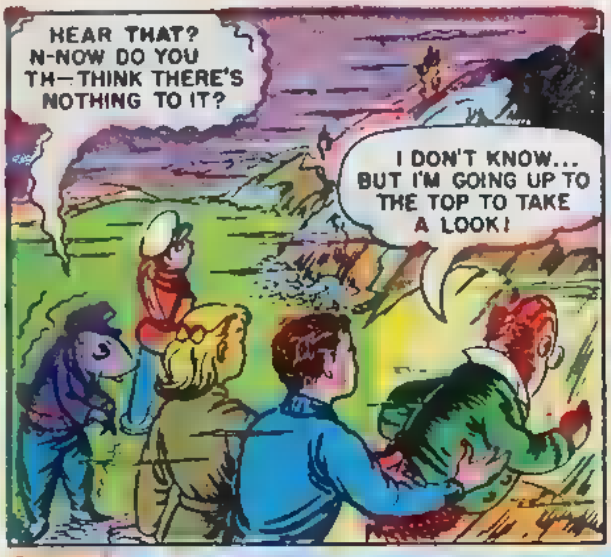

I WANT YOU TO INVESTIGATE. TAKE CAPTAIN PINE WITH YOU—AND PROCEED CAUTIOUSLY! THAT IS ALL!
OBOY! CAN WE GO TOO, RED LANTERN?

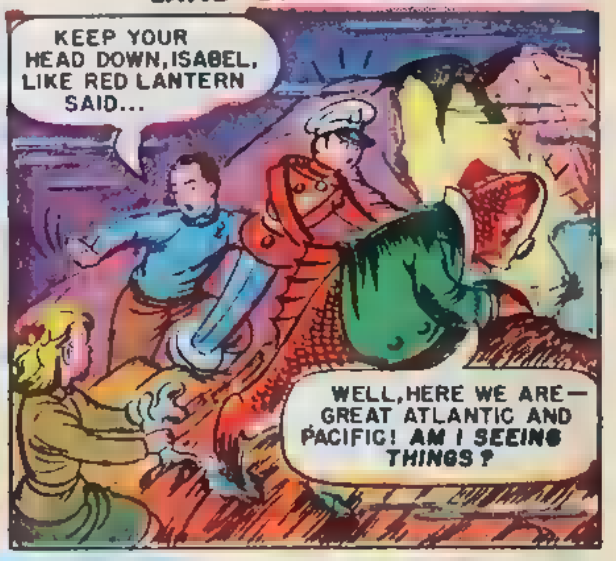
HMMMM...IT'S A DANGEROUS EXPEDITION, BUT I SUPPOSE WE CAN ALWAYS SEND YOU POLLYWOGS BACK IF THE GOING GETS ROUGH...
WE CAN GO!
WHOOPEE! WE CAN GO!

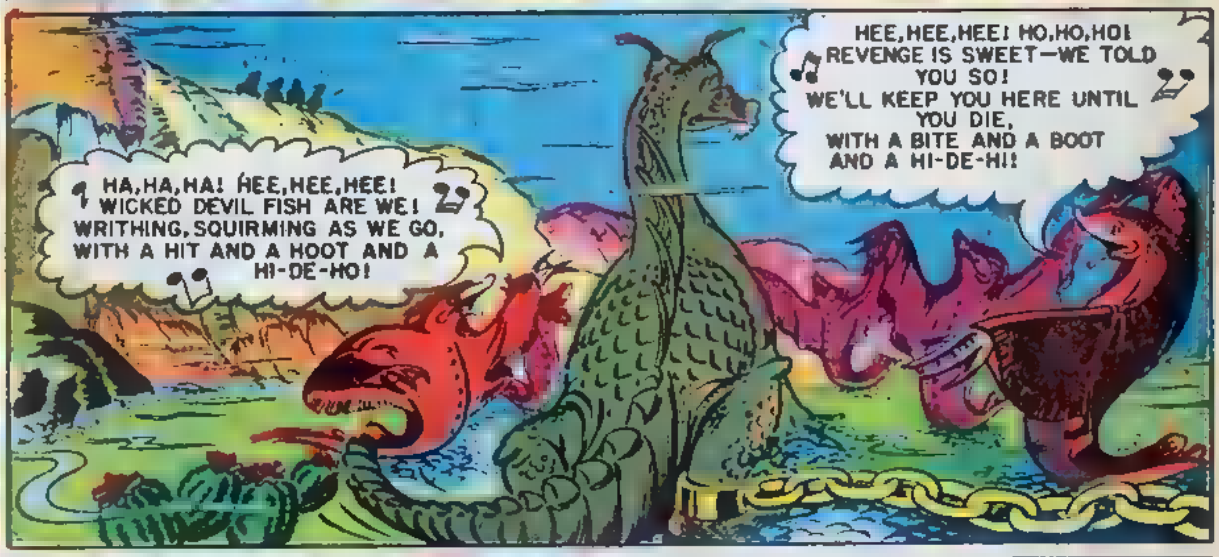

OKEY-DOKE! COMPANY—TENSHUN! FORWARD MARCH!
AND THE EXPEDITION IS ON ITS WAY! DOGGEDLY THEY PROCEED TO THE FURTHEST OUTDRIFTS OF THE LAND OF THE LOST...

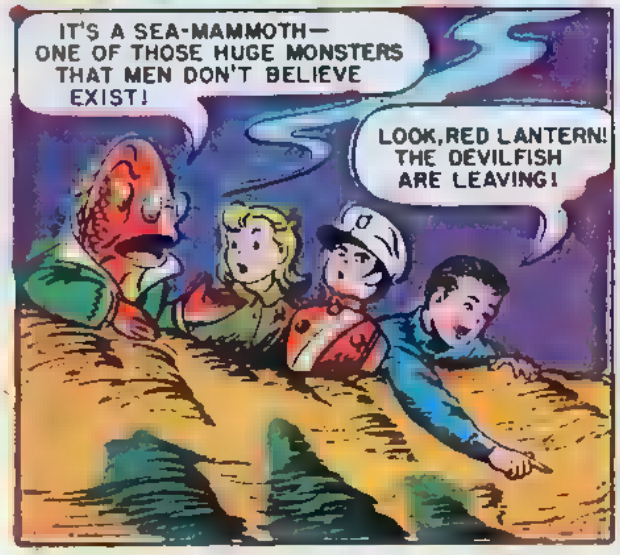

...WHERE THEY MEET A HERRING WHO DOESN'T LOOK TOO KIPPER!
GO BACK! THERE'S A MONSTER AT WHALEBONE RIDGE THAT'LL CHILL YOU TO THE GILLS! OF COURSE, I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM...
OH, THERE'S PROBABLY NOTHING TO THAT STORY...

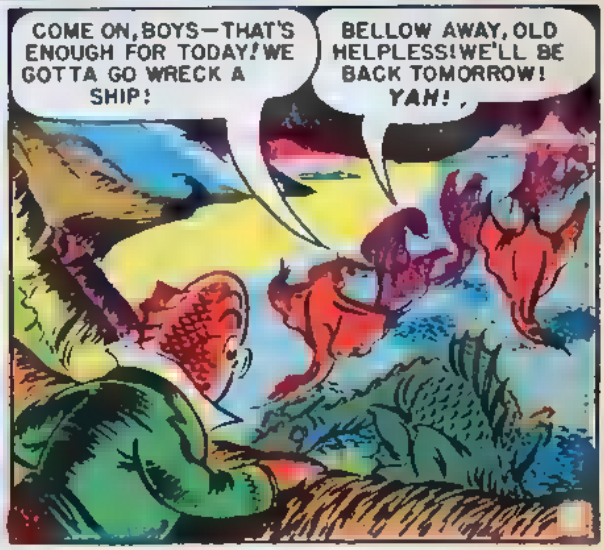

BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT—A THUNDEROUS BELLOW!
ROAAARRRR

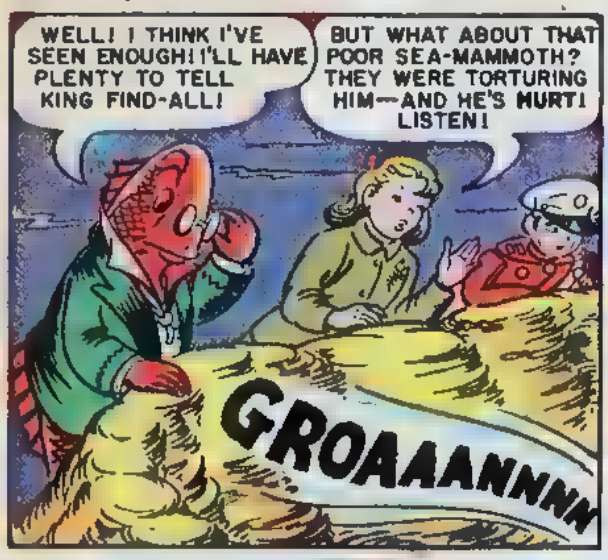

HEAR THAT? N-NOW DO YOU TH—THINK THERE'S NOTHING TO IT?
I DON'T KNOW... BUT I'M GOING UP TO THE TOP TO TAKE A LOOK!


KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, ISABEL, LIKE RED LANTERN SAID...
WELL, HERE WE ARE— GREAT ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC! AM I SEEING THINGS?


HA, HA, HA! HEE, HEE, HEE! WICKED DEVIL FISH ARE WE! WRITHING, SQUIRMING AS WE GO, WITH A HIT AND A HOOT AND A HI-DE-HO!
HEE, HEE, HEE! HO, HO, HO! REVENGE IS SWEET—WE TOLD YOU SO! WE'LL KEEP YOU HERE UNTIL YOU DIE, WITH A BITE AND A BOOT AND A HI-DE-HI!

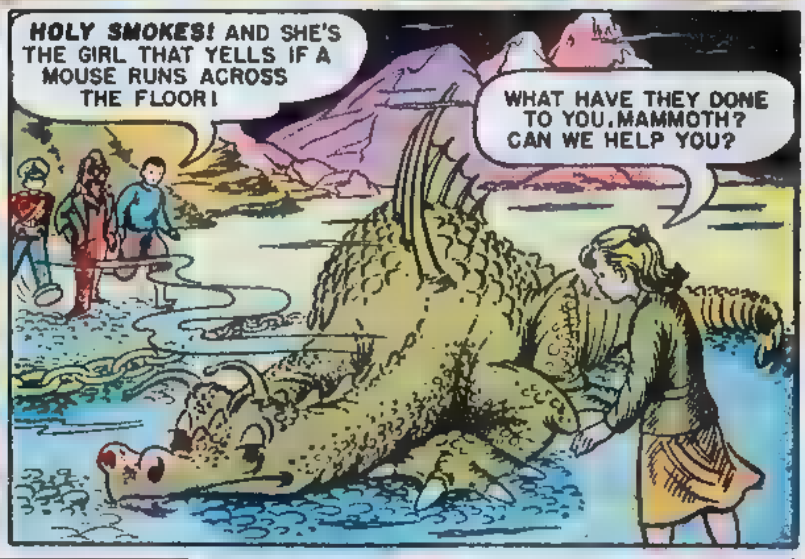

IT'S A SEA-MAMMOTH— ONE OF THOSE HUGE MONSTERS THAT MEN DON'T BELIEVE EXIST!
LOOK, RED LANTERN! THE DEVILFISH ARE LEAVING!

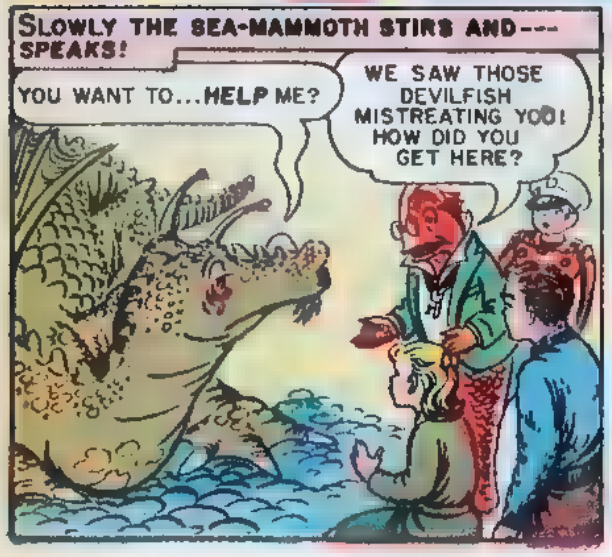

COME ON, BOYS—THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY! WE GOTTA GO WRECK A SHIP!
BELLOW AWAY, OLD HELPLESS! WE'LL BE BACK TOMORROW! YAH!


WELL! I THINK I'VE SEEN ENOUGH! I'LL HAVE PLENTY TO TELL KING FIND-ALL!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT POOR SEA-MAMMOTH? THEY WERE TORTURING HIM—AND HE'S HURT! LISTEN!
GROAAANNNN

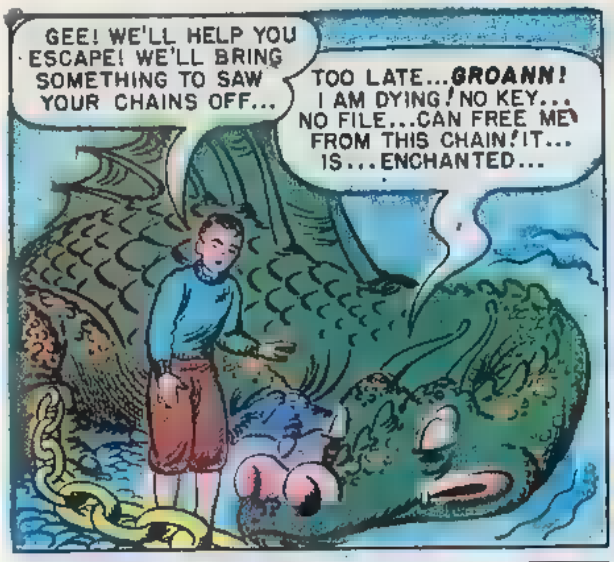
WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT NOW! IF HE'S NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO BREAK THAT CHAIN, NONE OF US COULD!
BUT WE MIGHT DO SOMETHING! I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN HELP HIM!

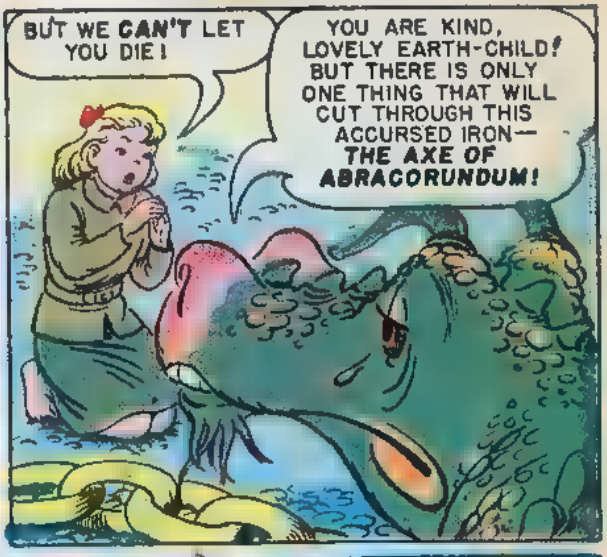
STOP HER, RED! SHE MUST BE CRAZY!
STOP HER YOURSELF—I'M GOING WITH HER!

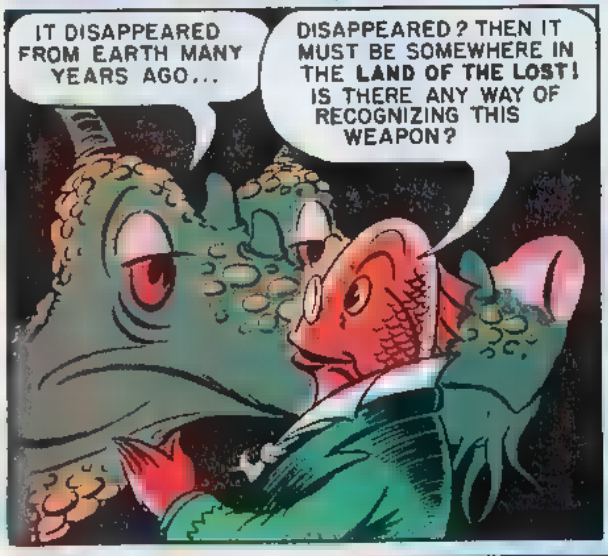

HOLY SMOKES! AND SHE'S THE GIRL THAT YELLS IF A MOUSE RUNS ACROSS THE FLOOR!
WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU, MAMMOTH? CAN WE HELP YOU?

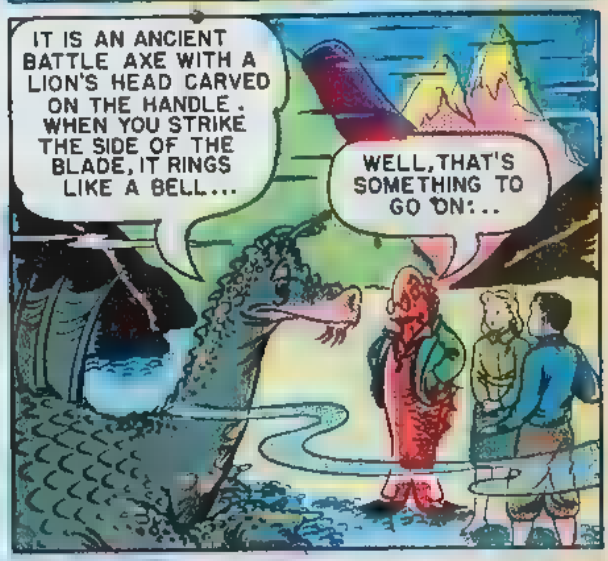

SLOWLY THE SEA-MAMMOTH STIRS AND---SPEAKS!
YOU WANT TO...HELP ME?
WE SAW THOSE DEVILFISH MISTREATING YOU! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

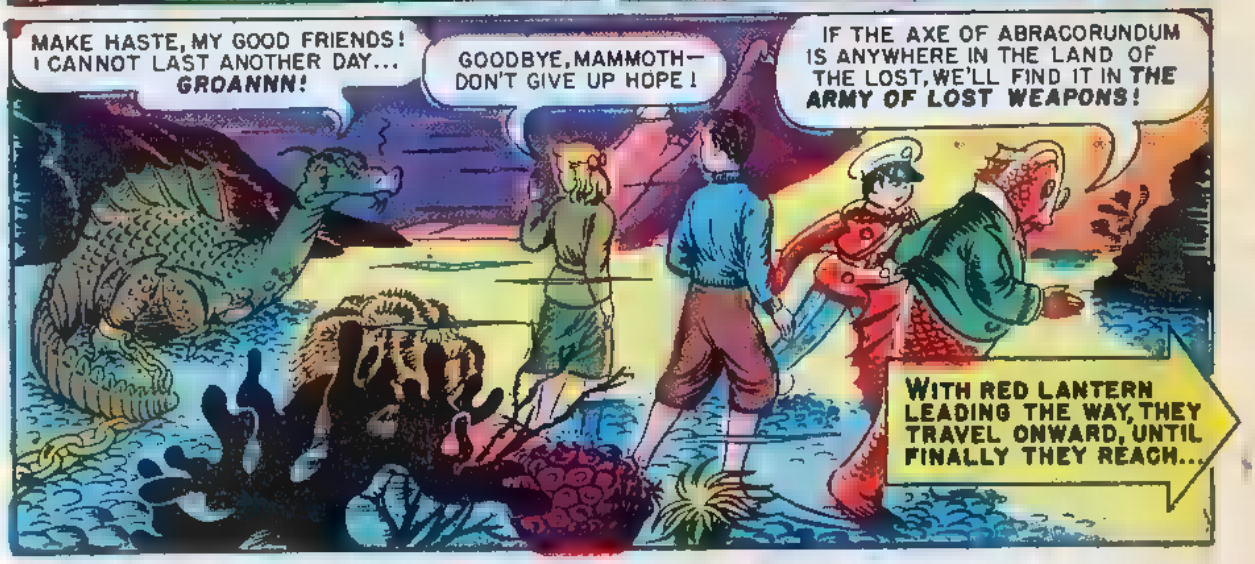
MY HOME IS FAR AWAY! BUT THEY PUT AN EVIL SPELL ON ME AND BROUGHT ME HERE BECAUSE I TRIED TO WARN THOSE WHOM THEY INTENDED TO INJURE... GROANNN!

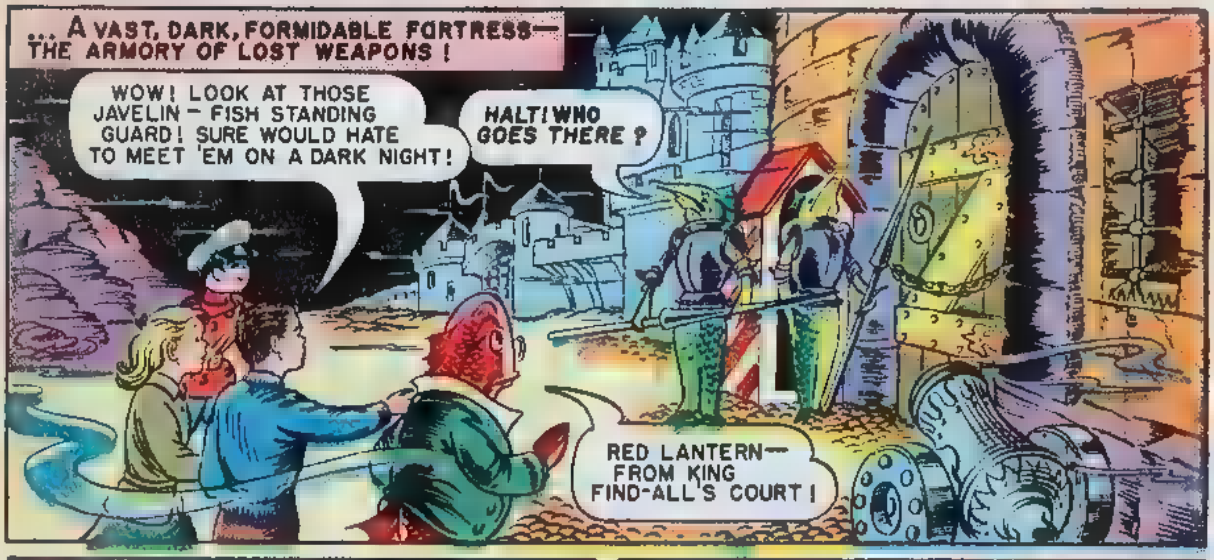

GEE! WE'LL HELP YOU ESCAPE! WE'LL BRING SOMETHING TO SAW YOUR CHAINS OFF...
TOO LATE...GROANN! I AM DYING! NO KEY... NO FILE...CAN FREE ME FROM THIS CHAIN! IT... IS...ENCHANTED...

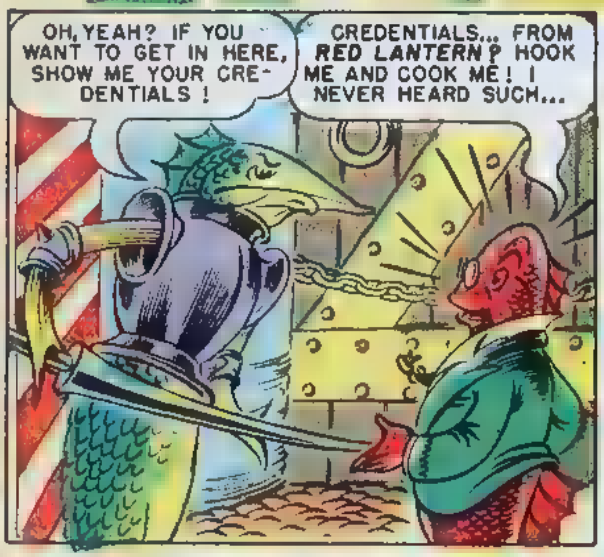

BUT WE CAN'T LET YOU DIE!
YOU ARE KIND, LOVELY EARTH-CHILD! BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE THING THAT WILL CUT THROUGH THIS ACCURSED IRON— THE AXE OF ABRACORUNDUM!

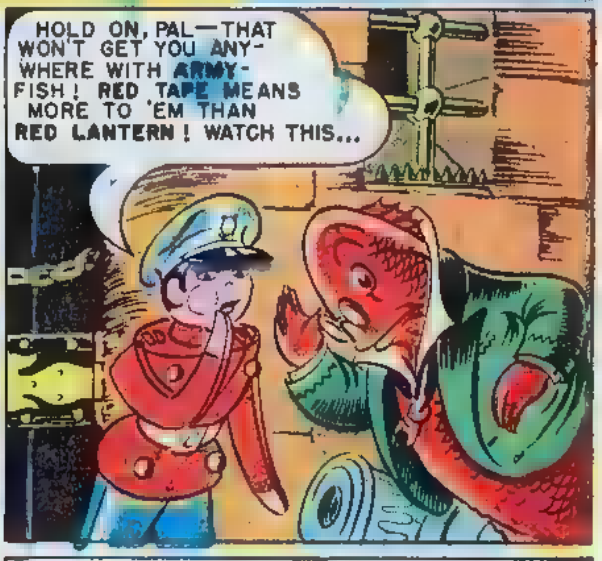

IT DISAPPEARED FROM EARTH MANY YEARS AGO...
DISAPPEARED? THEN IT MUST BE SOMEWHERE IN THE LAND OF THE LOST! IS THERE ANY WAY OF RECOGNIZING THIS WEAPON?

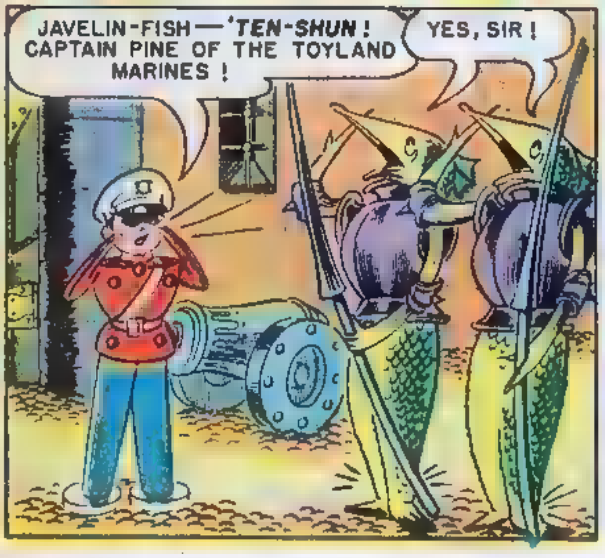

IT IS AN ANCIENT BATTLE AXE WITH A LION'S HEAD CARVED ON THE HANDLE. WHEN YOU STRIKE THE SIDE OF THE BLADE, IT RINGS LIKE A BELL...
WELL, THAT'S SOMETHING TO GO ON:..

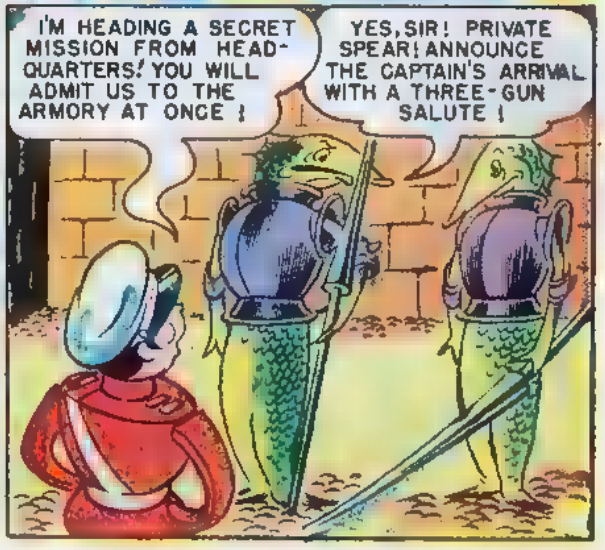

MAKE HASTE, MY GOOD FRIENDS! I CANNOT LAST ANOTHER DAY... GROANNN!
GOODBYE, MAMMOTH— DON'T GIVE UP HOPE!
IF THE AXE OF ABRACORUNDUM IS ANYWHERE IN THE LAND OF THE LOST, WE'LL FIND IT IN THE ARMY OF LOST WEAPONS!
WITH RED LANTERN LEADING THE WAY, THEY TRAVEL ONWARD, UNTIL FINALLY THEY REACH...


... A VAST, DARK, FORMIDABLE FORTRESS— THE ARMORY OF LOST WEAPONS !
WOW! LOOK AT THOSE JAVELIN – FISH STANDING GUARD! SURE WOULD HATE TO MEET 'EM ON A DARK NIGHT!
HALT! WHO GOES THERE ?
RED LANTERN— FROM KING FIND-ALL'S COURT !

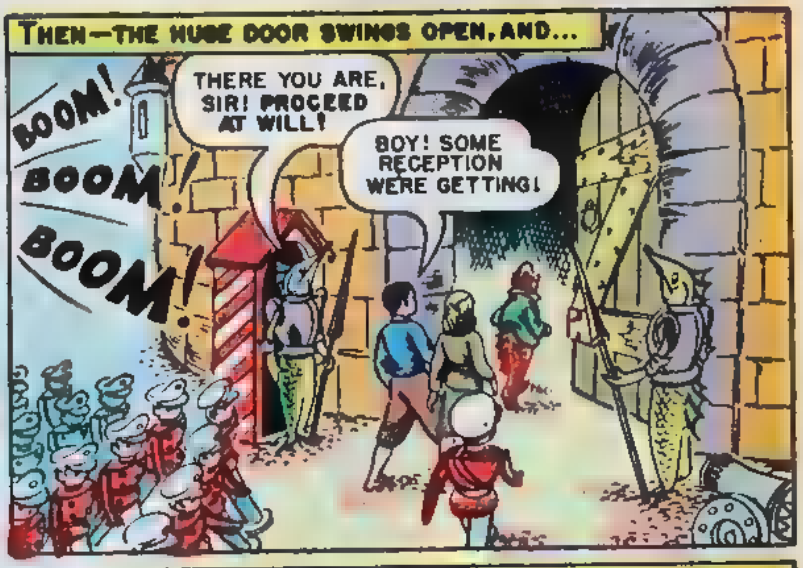

OH, YEAH? IF YOU WANT TO GET IN HERE, SHOW ME YOUR CRE-DENTIALS !
CREDENTIALS... FROM RED LANTERN? HOOK ME AND COOK ME! I NEVER HEARD SUCH...


HOLD ON, PAL—THAT WON'T GET YOU ANY-WHERE WITH ARMY-FISH ! RED TAPE MEANS MORE TO 'EM THAN RED LANTERN ! WATCH THIS...

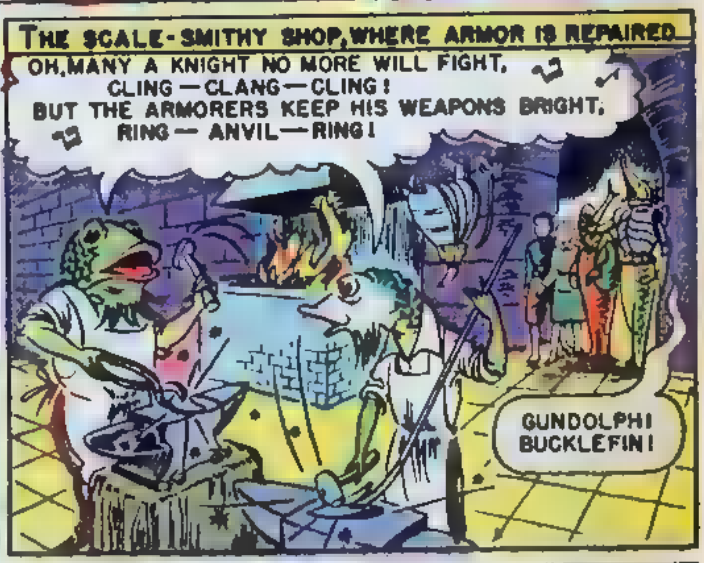

JAVELIN-FISH—'TEN-SHUN! CAPTAIN PINE OF THE TOYLAND MARINES !
YES, SIR !


I'M HEADING A SECRET MISSION FROM HEAD-QUARTERS! YOU WILL ADMIT US TO THE ARMORY AT ONCE !
YES, SIR! PRIVATE SPEAR! ANNOUNCE THE CAPTAIN'S ARRIVAL WITH A THREE-GUN SALUTE !

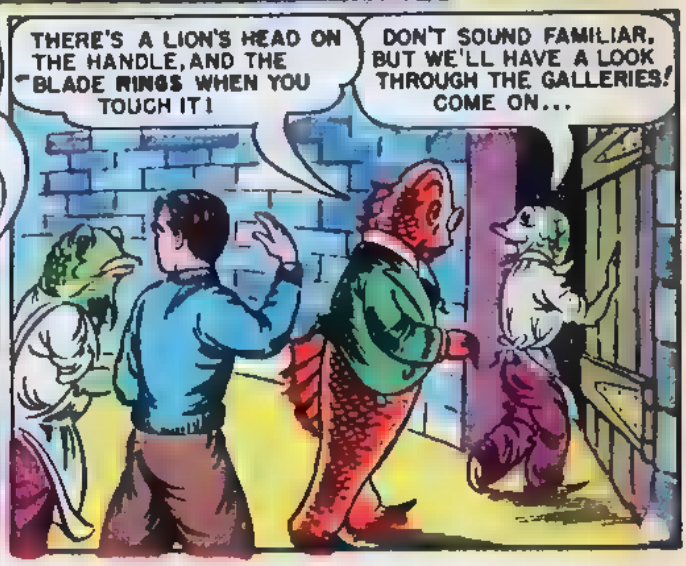
UNDERSEA PHONE RING! HELLO—OPEN UP FOR A DETACHMENT FROM HEADQUARTERS UNDER CAPTAIN PINE! THREE GUNS!

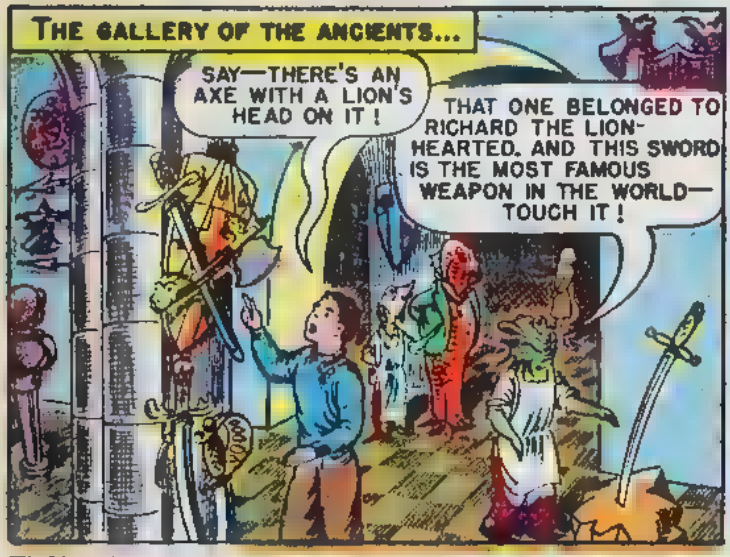

THEN—THE HUGE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, AND...
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
THERE YOU ARE, SIR! PROCEED AT WILL!
BOY! SOME RECEPTION WERE GETTING!

AND INSIDE...
WE'RE TRYING TO LOCATE A CERTAIN WEAPON...
YOU'D BETTER TALK TO OUR CHIEF ARMORERS, GUNDOLPH AND BUCKLEFIN! THEY'RE IN THE SCALE-SMITHY! IF YOU'LL JUST FOLLOW ME...

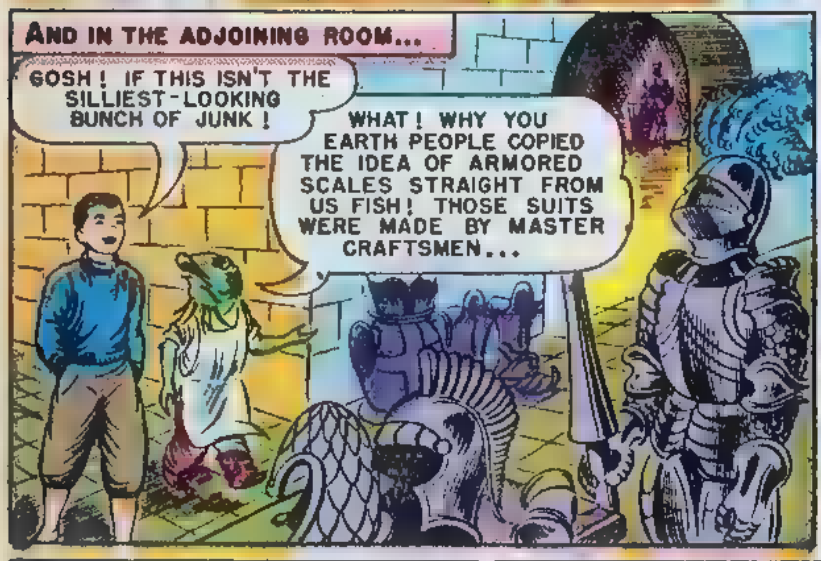

THE SCALE-SMITHY SHOP, WHERE ARMOR IS REPAIRED
OH, MANY A KNIGHT NO MORE WILL FIGHT, CLING—CLANG—CLING! BUT THE ARMORERS KEEP HIS WEAPONS BRIGHT, RING—ANVIL—RING!
GUNDOLPH! BUCKLEFIN!

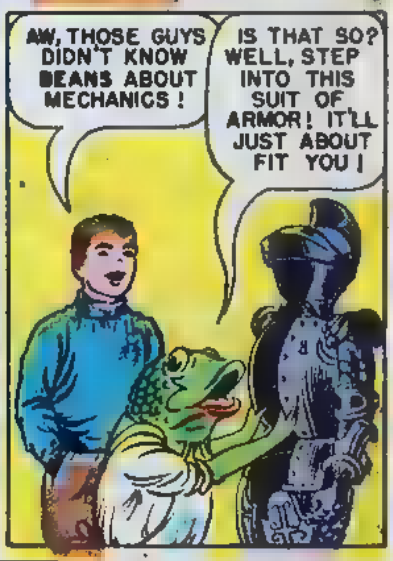
EH? WHAT IS IT?
WE'RE LOOKING FOR A BATTLEAXE CALLED THE AXE OF ABRACORUNDUM, AN ANCIENT WEAPON...
MUST BE ANCIENT, ALL RIGHT! I'VE NEVER HEARD OF IT, AND I'VE BEEN HERE SINCE LEVIATHAN WAS A MINNOW!


THERE'S A LION'S HEAD ON THE HANDLE, AND THE BLADE RINGS WHEN YOU TOUCH IT!
DON'T SOUND FAMILIAR, BUT WE'LL HAVE A LOOK THROUGH THE GALLERIES! COME ON...


THE GALLERY OF THE ANCIENTS...
SAY—THERE'S AN AXE WITH A LION'S HEAD ON IT!
THAT ONE BELONGED TO RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED. AND THIS SWORD IS THE MOST FAMOUS WEAPON IN THE WORLD—TOUCH IT!

BILLY TOUCHES THE SWORD, AND—IT SPEAKS!!!
I AM EXCALIBUR—SWORD OF THE GREAT KING ARTHUR, WHO SLEEPS ON THE ISLAND OF AVALON!
YES, WE HAVE MANY FAMOUS WEAPONS HERE—BUT YOUR AXE OF ABRACORUNDUM ISN'T HERE!
LET'S TRY THE NEXT ROOM!

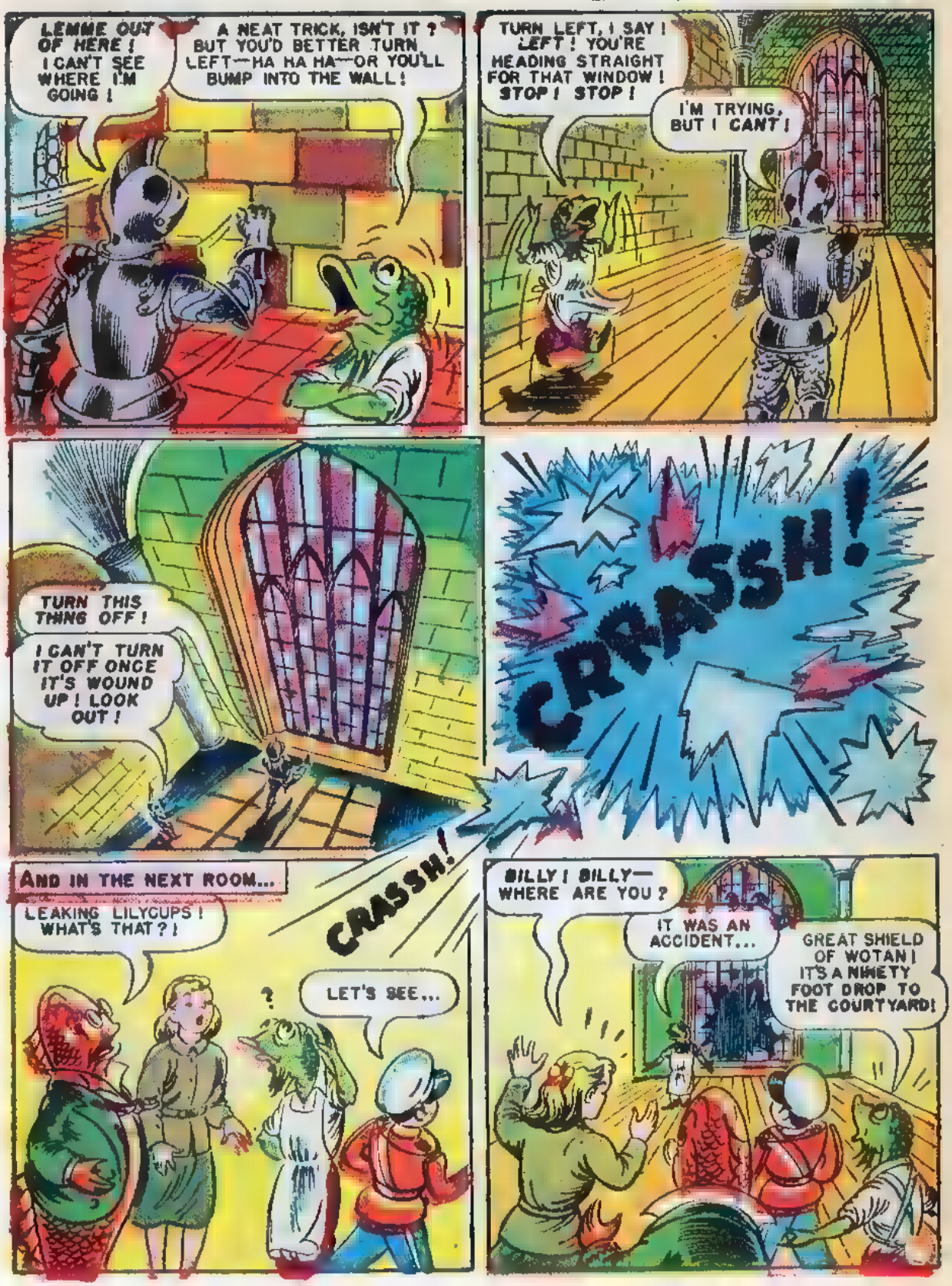

AND IN THE ADJOINING ROOM...
GOSH! IF THIS ISN'T THE SILLIEST-LOOKING BUNCH OF JUNK!
WHAT! WHY YOU EARTH PEOPLE COPIED THE IDEA OF ARMORED SCALES STRAIGHT FROM US FISH! THOSE SUITS WERE MADE BY MASTER CRAFTSMEN...


AW, THOSE GUYS DIDN'T KNOW BEANS ABOUT MECHANICS!
IS THAT SO? WELL, STEP INTO THIS SUIT OF ARMOR! IT'LL JUST ABOUT FIT YOU!

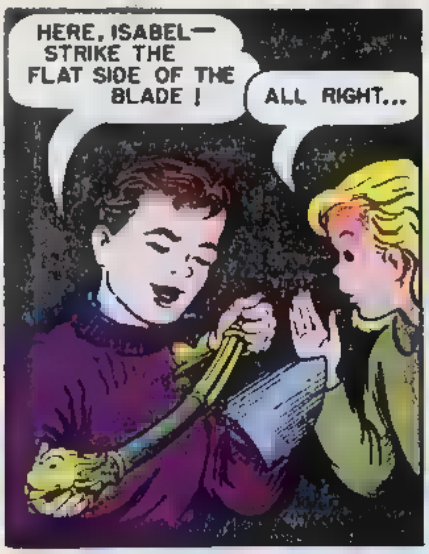
BOY, IT WEIGHS A TON! HOW DO YOU FASTEN IT?
LEAVE THAT TO ME! I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING ABOUT THIS SUIT OF ARMOR!

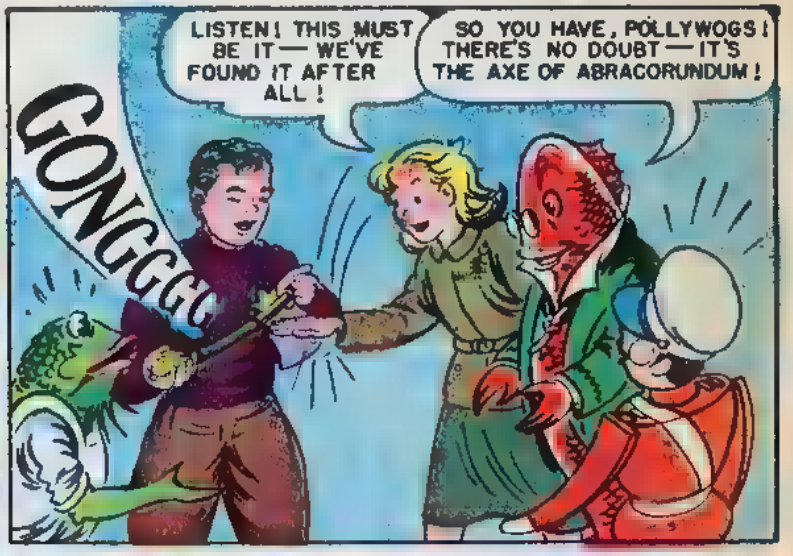
I FEEL LIKE THE TIN WOODMAN! HEY! DON'T PUT THAT VISOR DOWN...
YOU WON'T SMOTHER! THERE ARE HOLES TO BREATHE THROUGH. NOW TO WIND YOU UP! YOU'LL FIND OUT WHETHER THE MAN WHO MADE THIS SUIT WAS A MECHANIC OR NOT!

GUNDOLPH WINDS A SPECIAL KEY AND...
OWWWW! THE THING'S WALKING WITH ME!

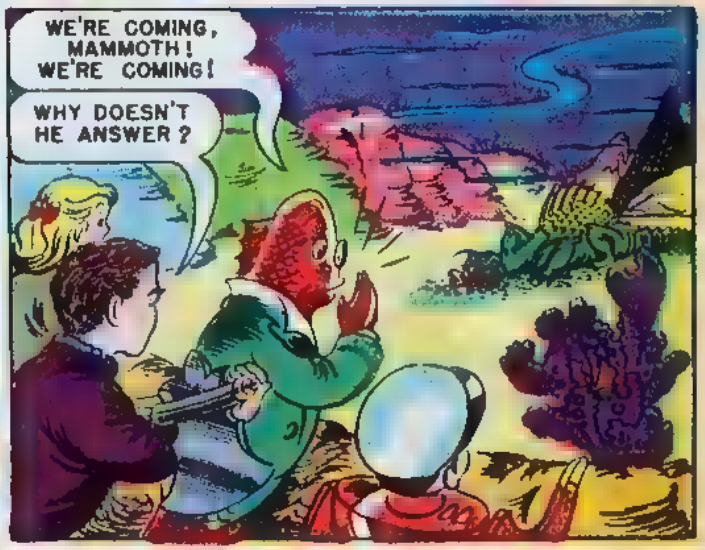

LEMME OUT OF HERE! I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING!
A NEAT TRICK, ISN'T IT? BUT YOU'D BETTER TURN LEFT—HA HA HA—OR YOU'LL BUMP INTO THE WALL!
TURN LEFT, I SAY! LEFT! YOU'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THAT WINDOW! STOP! STOP!
I'M TRYING, BUT I CANT!
TURN THIS THING OFF!
I CAN'T TURN IT OFF ONCE IT'S WOUND UP! LOOK OUT!
CRRASSH!
AND IN THE NEXT ROOM...
LEAKING LILYCUPS! WHAT'S THAT?!
CRASSH!
?
LET'S SEE...
BILLY! BILLY—WHERE ARE YOU?
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT...
GREAT SHIELD OF WOTAN! IT'S A NINETY FOOT DROP TO THE COURTYARD!

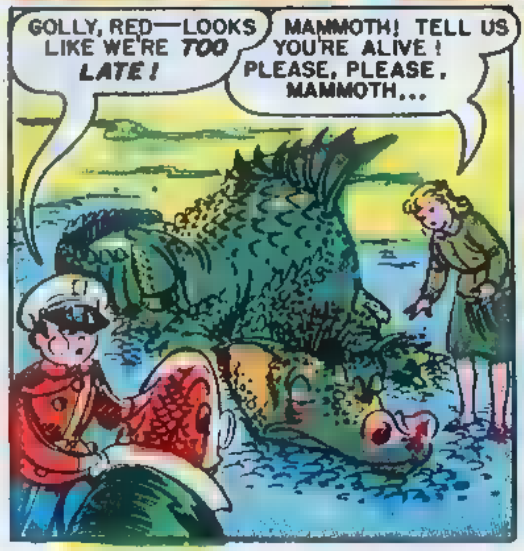
HELP! GET ME OUT OF THIS!
OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT! HE'S ALIVE!
AS I LIVE AND HAMMER—A SECRET CHAMBER!
IT'S NOT A NINETY-FOOT DROP AT ALL! BILLY, ARE YOU HURT?
NO—BUT FOR PETE'S SAKE...
I'LL GET HIM OUT! IT WAS MY FAULT...
I'LL HELP YOU, GUNDOLPH!
I'LL COME TOO! OH, POOR BILLY!
THIS WON'T TAKE A MINUTE, BILLY! SCARED ME WORSE THAN IT DID YOU!
WOW! CATCH ME FOOLING WITH THAT STUFF AGAIN!
DARK OLD DUMP, IF YOU ASK— SAY! B—BEHIND YOU— THAT OLD BATTLE-AXE!
WITH A LION'S HEAD ON THE HANDLE! QUICK, BILLY! LIFT IT DOWN!
10

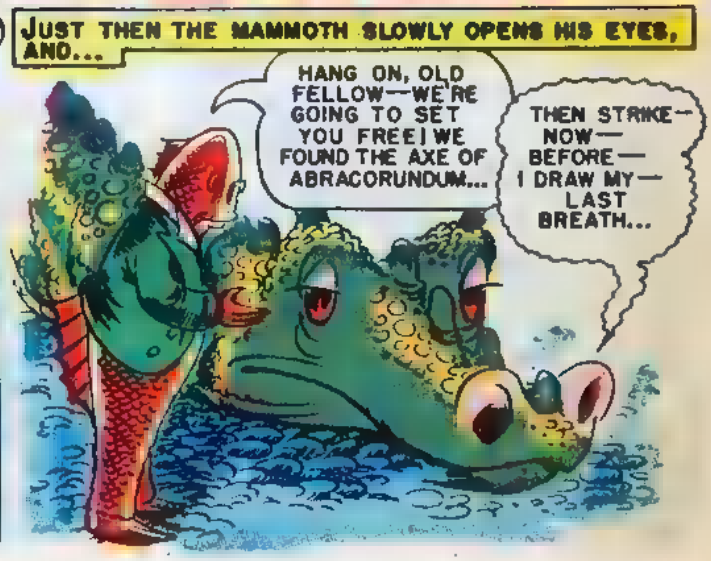

HERE, ISABEL— STRIKE THE FLAT SIDE OF THE BLADE !
ALL RIGHT...

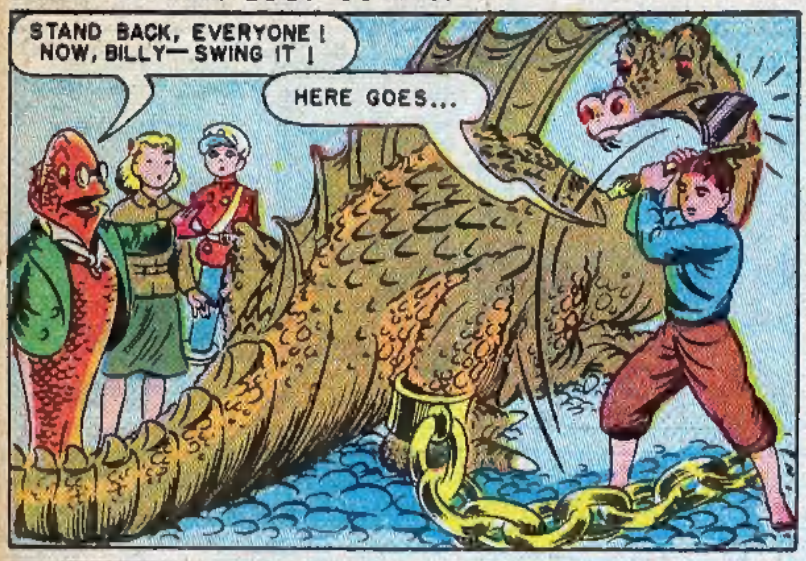

GONGGG
LISTEN! THIS MUST BE IT — WE'VE FOUND IT AFTER ALL !
SO YOU HAVE, POLLYWOGS! THERE'S NO DOUBT — IT'S THE AXE OF ABRACORUNDUM !

QUICKLY THE FOURSOME HASTENS BACK TO WHALEBONE RIDGE...
HURRY, EVERYBODY! I'M SO AFRAID WE WON'T BE ON TIME !
I'M DOING THE BEST I CAN! THIS THING'S HEAVY...

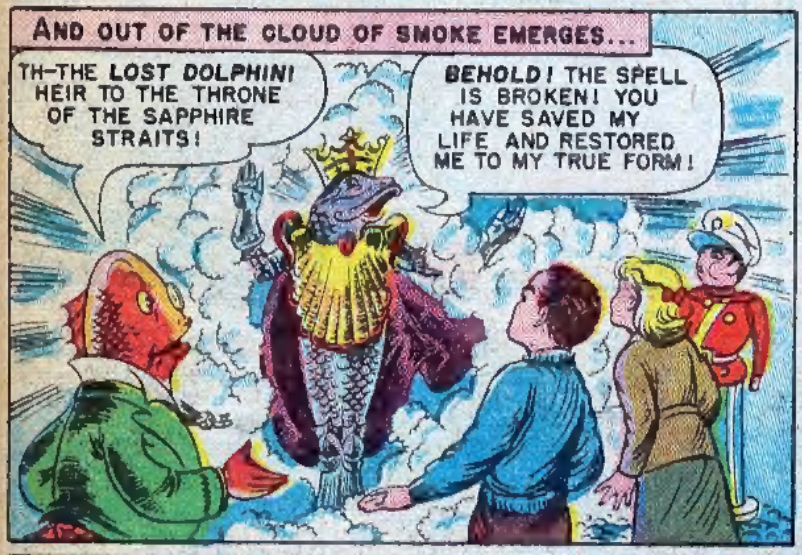

WE'RE COMING, MAMMOTH ! WE'RE COMING!
WHY DOESN'T HE ANSWER ?


GOLLY, RED—LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TOO LATE !
MAMMOTH! TELL US YOU'RE ALIVE ! PLEASE, PLEASE, MAMMOTH...


JUST THEN THE MAMMOTH SLOWLY OPENS HIS EYES, AND...
HANG ON, OLD FELLOW—WE'RE GOING TO SET YOU FREE! WE FOUND THE AXE OF ABRACORUNDUM...
THEN STRIKE— NOW— BEFORE— I DRAW MY— LAST BREATH...

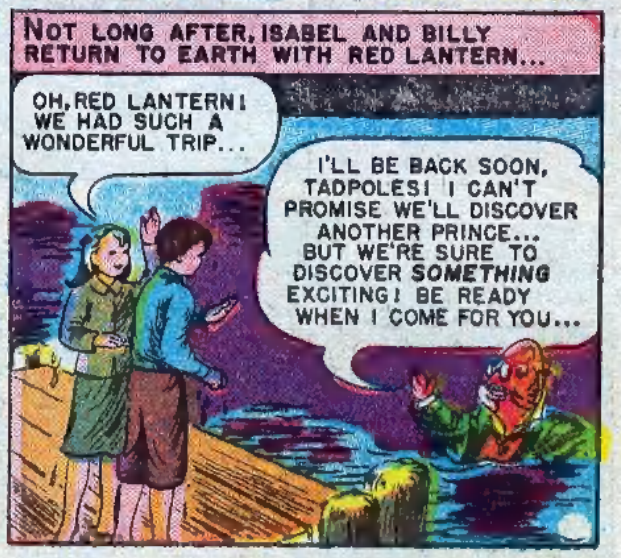

STAND BACK, EVERYONE! NOW, BILLY—SWING IT!
HERE GOES...

WITH ALL HIS MIGHT, BILLY SWINGS THE MAGIC AXE...
WHOOOOM!


AND OUT OF THE CLOUD OF SMOKE EMERGES...
TH-THE LOST DOLPHIN! HEIR TO THE THRONE OF THE SAPPHIRE STRAITS!
BEHOLD! THE SPELL IS BROKEN! YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE AND RESTORED ME TO MY TRUE FORM!

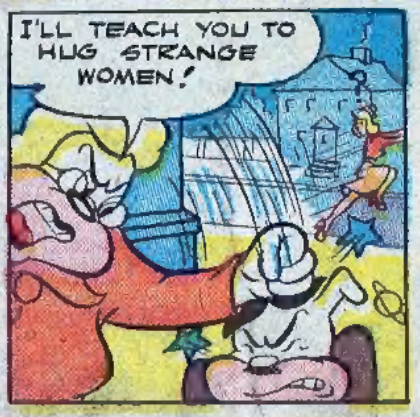
YES, THE LOST DOLPHIN—ENSLAVED BY THE EVIL MAGIC OF THE DEVILFISH, BECAUSE I WARNED MARINERS TO CHANGE THEIR COURSE WHEN DANGER THREATENED! HOW CAN I REWARD YOU?

OH, WE DON'T WANT A REWARD, Y—YOUR HIGHNESS! WE'RE JUST GLAD YOU'RE FREE!
SOME DAY I WILL FIND A WAY TO REPAY YOU! FROM NOW ON, EVERY DOLPHIN IN THE SEVEN SEAS WILL BE YOUR FRIEND! NOW I MUST RETURN TO MY KINGDOM... HAIL AND FAREWELL!

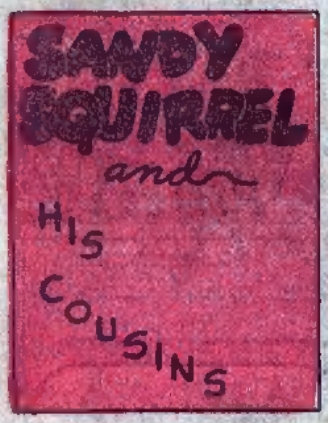

NOT LONG AFTER, ISABEL AND BILLY RETURN TO EARTH WITH RED LANTERN...
OH, RED LANTERN! WE HAD SUCH A WONDERFUL TRIP...
I'LL BE BACK SOON, TADPOLES! I CAN'T PROMISE WE'LL DISCOVER ANOTHER PRINCE... BUT WE'RE SURE TO DISCOVER SOMETHING EXCITING! BE READY WHEN I COME FOR YOU...

DOG DAZE
WAIT HERE, WILBUR!
BEAUTY PARLOR
YES, DEAR!
TRY OUR NEW BEAUTY TREATMENT MAKES YOU BEAUTIFUL IN 15 MINUTES!
HOLY MACKEREL!

WILBUR!
I'D NEVER HAVE RECOGNIZED YOU--ER--OH D-DEAR!

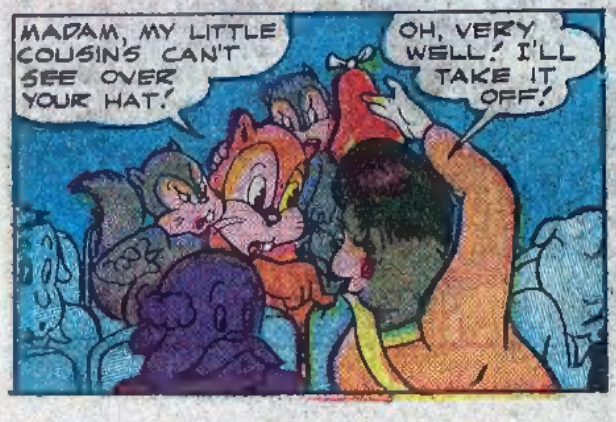

I'LL TEACH YOU TO HUG STRANGE WOMEN!

TRY OUR NEW BEAUTY TREATMENT MAKES YOU BEAUTIFUL IN A PIGS EYE IN 15 MINUTES

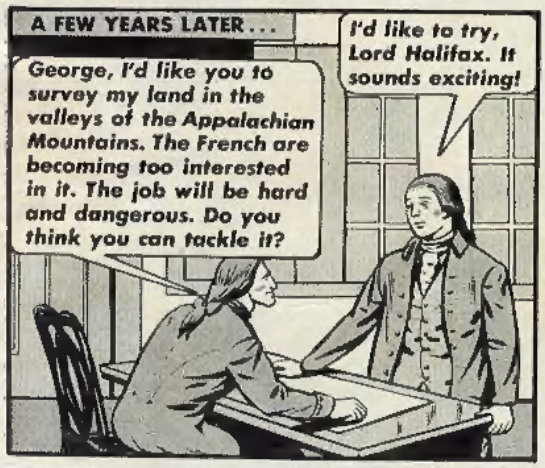

SANDY SQUIRREL and HIS COUSINS

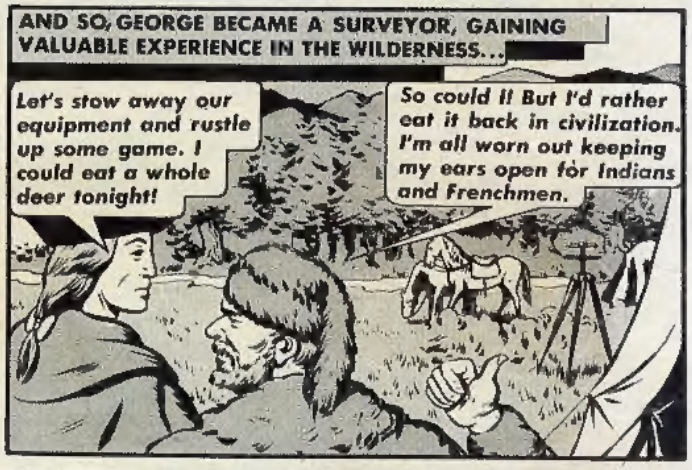
OH GOLLY...
WE CAN'T SEE!

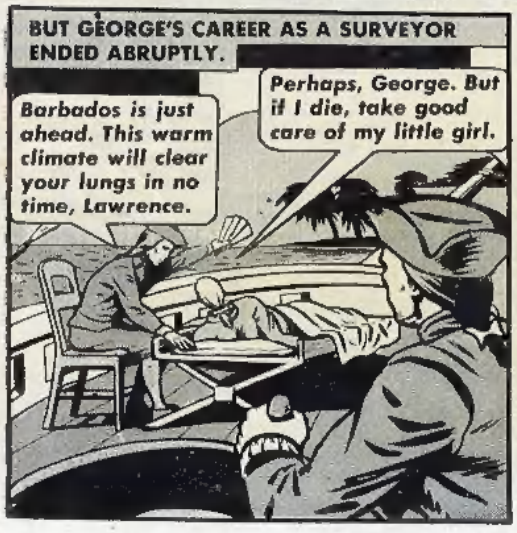
UNCLE SANDY! WE CAN'T SEE A THING!
YEAH-THAT LADY'S HAT IS IN THE WAY!

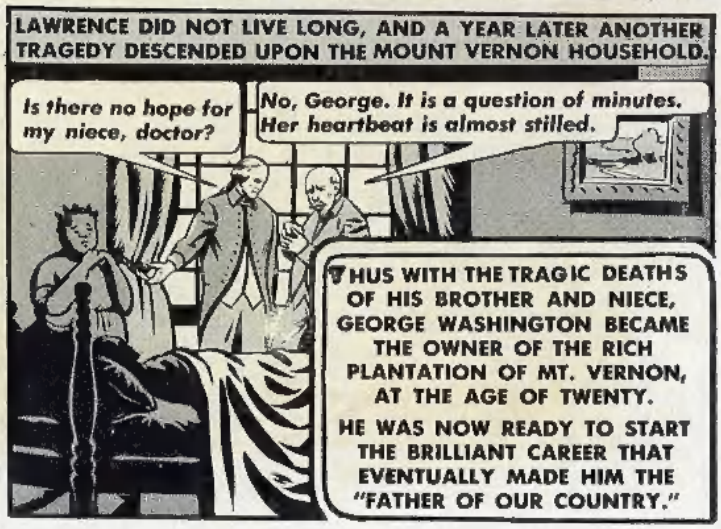

MADAM, MY LITTLE COUSINS CAN'T SEE OVER YOUR HAT!
OH, VERY WELL! I'LL TAKE IT OFF!

1732–1799
The Story of YOUNG GEORGE WASHINGTON
GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS BORN IN THE VIRGINIA COLONY ON FEBRUARY 22, 1732... THE YEAR BENJAMIN FRANKLIN FIRST PUBLISHED "POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC."
AT MOUNT VERNON, THE ESTATE OF HIS BROTHER, YOUNG GEORGE LEARNED TO SWIM, FENCE, AND RIDE HIS BROTHER'S SPIRITED HORSES.
ONE DAY...
My daughter and I are admiring your your brother's horsemanship, Lawrence.
Aye! Young George has a way with horses, Lord Halifax. He'll make a good soldier some day.


A FEW YEARS LATER...
George, I'd like you to survey my land in the valleys of the Appalachian Mountains. The French are becoming too interested in it. The job will be hard and dangerous. Do you think you can tackle it?
I'd like to try, Lord Halifax. It sounds exciting!


AND SO, GEORGE BECAME A SURVEYOR, GAINING VALUABLE EXPERIENCE IN THE WILDERNESS...
Let's stow away our equipment and rustle up some game. I could eat a whole deer tonight!
So could I! But I'd rather eat it back in civilization. I'm all worn out keeping my ears open for Indians and Frenchmen.


BUT GEORGE'S CAREER AS A SURVEYOR ENDED ABRUPTLY.
Barbados is just ahead. This warm climate will clear your lungs in no time, Lawrence.
Perhaps, George. But if I die, take good care of my little girl.


LAWRENCE DID NOT LIVE LONG, AND A YEAR LATER ANOTHER TRAGEDY DESCENDED UPON THE MOUNT VERNON HOUSEHOLD.
Is there no hope for my niece, doctor?
No, George. It is a question of minutes. Her heartbeat is almost stilled.
THUS WITH THE TRAGIC DEATHS OF HIS BROTHER AND NIECE, GEORGE WASHINGTON BECAME THE OWNER OF THE RICH PLANTATION OF MT. VERNON, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.
HE WAS NOW READY TO START THE BRILLIANT CAREER THAT EVENTUALLY MADE HIM THE "FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY."

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